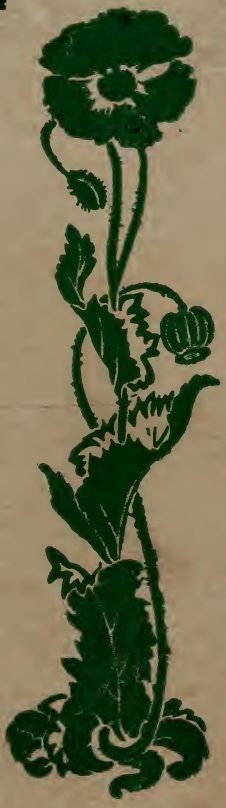
The Mysterious Traveler

And His Return to the Country *of* His Boyhood



By Phil Straugh

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THE
Mysterious Traveler

AND

His Return to the Country of His Boyhood

By

HIMSELF

Philip A. Stanley

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By PHILIP A. STRAUGH.

PREFACE.

The title and introduction of this book, I deem, affords sufficient design for its publication without apologies.

The size of the book has been dictated by a consideration of what would be most appropriate as an explanation upon my return home. The history during boyhood, it may be noticed, I give in more detail; this is done so as to present to the reader the surroundings and conditions under which I abandoned friends and home for the life I lived. And it is my endeavor to select such subject matter of my past life that is the most novel and least common in other books of travel and adventure.

Though my religious views, which I express, I give not because of its novelty, but as a relief of conviction to myself and a duty as a citizen. It has been suggested to me by friends that if I could not endorse the orthodox doctrine to knock it out and be silent. I could not do this and give a true sketch of my history, for my religious deviations were interwoven with my actions from the time I left till I returned again.

That is what is the matter with the world today—

there are too many mum and hypocritical. Wayfaring as I may have been, there is still enough manhood left that prompts me to be honest in my convictions and to express them. It may cause me unpopularity and to be vilified with disreputable epithets and with crimes of which I am not guilty. But I can bear all this better than to bear the remorse of conscience in not expressing my convictions.

In this, and in my efforts to present the subject matter generally in a way that is practically useful and of an elevating nature morally, I hope it will meet the approval of those whose endeavors are in the same direction.

Respectfully,

PHILIP A. STRAUGH.

CHAPTER I.

"Will I ever return to the country of my boyhood?" I thought after retiring on top the Would-be Mesa for reflection; for it was a matter that bore heavily on my mind for a period of time.

The horizon was tinged with a smoky hue, and the weather calm and serene; such a time as naturally put one in a mood for reflection. The sun shone pleasantly and the air was soft and mild; while zephyrs moaned among the spriggy foliage of cedars and pinions as though to refresh my memory with hidden mysteries to which they were witness.

"Who am I," I cried, "that I should thus be a wanderer upon the earth? Verily, I have not fallen from the planets, nor was I sprung from a tree or rock? No, but I was sprung from man, and I too have relatives. O, my God, why did I not return to them from hence at my first visit hither instead of wandering farther and farther away these many years! Will I now return, or go to the remotest parts of the Earth and keep my nativity in oblivion; and fictionize my birth with

wonders and prodigies? No, it will not do, I must be truthful; besides, the age of superstition is passing away. And the superstitions of the past will be laid bare as the sciences evolve. So, too, it is a duty to myself and country to return again. Besides, this will be the next strangest experience I can encounter, to return home amid the many changes which must have taken place after so long an absence.

"Yes, I will prepare and go to the place of my father's house and see the living among my people."

But on account of my long absence and many adventures and pursuances, I must first write a sketch of my history, as without it, it would take too long and be too wearisome to explain.

"I will take me up a homestead on this mesa," I said, "where I will write my history. Here, I can gaze down the canyons for less monotony; and retire to the topmost part under the shades of the cedars and pinons for thought while I write."

It has now, at this writing, been twenty-seven long years I have wandered about, and not an iota have I heard from any one during my absence; nor have I written to any one except sometime after leaving home I wrote back to my father and sister, telling them I was going to take to the ocean and visit foreign countries. From the time of writing that letter to this writing, I never any more went under my right name. So completely did I cut myself off

from my connection and native country that I destroyed all letters and papers in my possession containing my right name or native address; and in registering at hotels or public places and in conversation, I was always from some other country than that of my own.

For me now to return home to the country of my boyhood and among my connection, after so total and long an absence, will be like rising from the dead and going back. The old homestead house of my father, and the large barn and outhouses, I imagine, I will find torn down and remodeled after later fashions, and too occupied by a family of people altogether strangers to me; the remaining timber lands cleared up and put into cultivation; the marsh lands ditched and reclaimed; my native little town grown to an immense proportion and containing many new and strange buildings, and occupied by a population of strangers. Then, among my connection there will be babes born since my departure who are now grown, and even married, who themselves have children, and all strangers to me, yet of the same blood as the blood which flows in my veins. And those of my connection and former acquaintance who still are living, I will meet with amazement. So, too, my former places of resort and recreation will be objects of wonderment.

Why I left home and have lived so mysteriously are for a number of reasons; but the main

one, of which I will here speak, is that I was in search of knowledge from abroad and seeking strange experiences. This strange thirst for knowledge and adventure had been brewing within me from my boyhood. An incident in this respect, of which I am well remindful, occurred when I was about fourteen years of age; at least it was after my mother died and she died when I was at the age of twelve. One day while I was out playfully chasing over the hills and dales, I instantly stopped and picked up a curious looking little stone and put it into my pocket, saying: "Now as soon as I return to the house and wherever I am, this pebble is to remind me that I must put my time in, finish reading those old books in the attic before school commences and find out all about what they tell." This was during school vacation when I was a boy of leisure and had nothing to do but chore about and do errands for my father and sister. The place I would do such reading and study was in a room by myself; for my father's house contained many rooms. The room was in the two story part of the building, entered from the sitting room through a long but narrow hall, and to the right and opposite the parlor. Here, in this room on a table, I kept the book I was reading; and when through with it, put it away and got another. Many times was I in this secluded room by the table poring over my books when my people thought I was out rambling about; for they

often censured me reading and studying too much, saying that I'll ruin my eyes, and this and that. I was even so assiduous in my learning during those times that while attending school, I generally carried on two sets of lessons, especially in reading and history; one that of my regular classes, and the other on ahead and my individual lessons.

Letting this suffice as an introduction, I will now proceed with the narration in order—my parentage, infancy and surroundings; school-days and kinds of recreation during my boyhood; going away to college and experiences; causes in more detail for leaving my home country and connection; becoming a detective and investigating the condition of knavery in the southwest; entering a seafaring life among pirates; traveling around the earth, and lecturing under an assumed name after returning to the United States; teaching school in Texas, and doing detective work under an assumed name; shooting ability; trip to South America; returning again to the States, etc., etc.

After returning to my native country, I expect to give an account of everything as I find it. My intentions are to return first secretly and look about and observe as a stranger, for I do not expect any one would recognize me any more; and to determine the living and the dead among my connection by frequenting the grave yards and looking over the inscriptions on the tombstones of the different fam-

ilies; when, after completing this writing, make myself known.

I might, too, add that for me ever to write a history of myself had never once entered my mind—not in my boyhood, not during youth, in short not during all my wandering abroad until I came to a conviction that it was my duty to return again. Although, I presume, I entertained notions of writing on scientific subjects nearly all my life, at least from the time I was in college; upon which subjects I have already written, whereof I speak hereafter.

CHAPTER II.

I was born of good parents in the village of Fremont, County of Steuben, State of Indiana. My name now, at this writing is Straiho, but my original or right name is Straugh. Some of the connections for short spelt it Straw, yea my father did so himself. I heard my father say once that the name was differently spelt, especially among his more distant connection. For instance, there was one living two miles south of us, a distant relative, he said, but who spelt his name Stroh. Then he spoke of Straughn which differs only from Straugh by the n having been added. Nevertheless, there were people as far back as 1381 in England who spelt their name simply Straw. We read of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler, for instance in the History of England, who at the head of one hundred thousand men marched against the feudal lords and attendants at Blackheath near London.

My father's given name was Frederick and my mother's Catherine. They married when very young; I think my father at the age of sixteen or seventeen and my mother fifteen. My mother's maiden name was Wagoner, Catharine Wagoner.

I am the youngest child of the family; there having been seven children my senior, four boys and three girls, whose given names are respectively, beginning with the oldest: Elias, Annie, Elizabeth, George. Fred, Amanda, and Benjamin, and then myself, my given name having been Philip Adam.

Considerable time elapsed between my birth and that of the rest so that in my boyhood all were married and lived abroad except my next youngest brother and sister, Benjamin and Amanda. Benjamin then shortly married and moved to Kansas, leaving no one at home but myself and sister, who was keeping house for father when I left home.

My father emigrated with his family from Pennsylvania to this place of my birth at an early date, when the country was considered the frontier of the wild west, and before I was born. He located southwest of the village, where he bought some land extending southwesterly, including marshy land good only for grazing purposes. Here one half mile from the village he erected a large white frame house and a large frame barn, which at that day was a credit to the country. This is the house in which I was born. It consisted of seven rooms and a buttery, a wardrobe and a commissary kind of a room, besides the garret and a large cellar.

Rightly, my father was what can be called a stock farmer. From the time I can remember, he had his

herds of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. Every year he raised his many bushels of different kind of grain and many tons of hay. Then to the northeast and adjacent to the yard he had his orchard of apple, peach and plum trees; near the house along side the yard fence to the east a row of cherry trees; to the northwest, running east and west, rows of currant and gooseberry bushes; and in front of the house, between the house and public road a long row of locust trees, which afforded beautiful and cool shades during the hot and sultry days of summer. Through this means of husbandry there was nothing that lacked within the threshold calculated to make a thriving and happy family. I can truthfully say that from my infancy up, during my boyhood, and youth until I left home, I was surrounded and attended with all the bounties of life, luxuries, and privileges tending to promote happiness, a boy could wish, a condition which I found so much to the reverse after going out into the world among different classes of people.

Both my parents were of German descent; and both were educated in the German as well as in English, especially my father could read as fluently and cipher as rapidly in German as in English. My father was a tall though well proportioned man, rather dark complexion, blue eyes, and his weight was about one-hundred and seventy-five pounds. My mother was a blonde and of regular features and

average weight about one hundred and forty-five pounds. When a boy, I over heard an old friend say that in looks and pleasing manners, when young, she was the belle of the country in which they lived. Both were of congenial and amiable disposition, especially my mother. I many times thought if ever there was a christian in the world she was one. Never in my life did I hear a cross word from her; though her word was law, and would make me mind, but always in a pleasant and amiable way. My father was the same way, only sometimes when out among the stock, if things would go wrong, I remember him being a little boisterous; and one thing funny, he would sometimes cuss in German so those about would not understand, which I discovered by studying the language afterwards myself. If ever either of them had an enemy in the world, I never knew it; nor did I ever hear them speak aught against anyone; could they not say anything good, they would say nothing. Both were strict church members, and my father always asked the blessing at the table and generally had family worship in the morning. They belonged to what is called the Evangelical Church. And above all things, they were a hospitable people. One thing my father never would do, was to turn off travelers when they stopped for lodging or a meal of victuals, even tramps he treated with royalty. I have known travelers, who were turned off at other places, to come for miles to stay

all night with my father. And if he ever charged a thing for a night's lodging or a meal, I never knew it. One incident with reference to the treatment of tramps when a boy, I will never forget, which I will relate.

It was a blustery, cold, midwinter night, snow on the ground a foot and half or two feet deep, and so cold that in spitting it would freeze in the air and roll away on the ground in a globule. Supper and all night's work was over with, and it was now dark. I and my brother Benjamin were at the table studying over lessons, and my father, mother and sister sitting about the fire jesting, when a footman walked on the porch and rapped at the door. Upon my father opening the door, the man said: "May I come in and warm, I am so very cold."

"To be sure," said my father, "Come in." The man sitting by the fire a moment and rubbing his hands imploringly said: "There is a favor I would like you to do me, which you can if you will, and that is to let me have a blanket or two and sleep in your barn or at your straw-stack to-night; I met with misfortune and have no money. I have asked to stay all night for miles back long before dark and was refused at every place; and right around the turn of the road across the fields, after being refused, I stole out to the straw-stack, thinking I would stay any way, when they set the dog on me and ran me off." "No," says my father, "you will sleep here in

the house in a bed. I would be very inhuman to let a fellow man sleep in a barn or straw-stack such a cold night as this." I do believe you never saw a happier man all at once than this tramp. Yes, we were all happy because of someone else made happy. Mother and sister fixed up a hot supper for him, after which he talked cheerfully of his hardships, the countries he visited and his place of destination—all, not only a novelty to us, but instructive. Not long after the disappearance of this man, the house of the family around the turn of the road across the fields, I remember, was burnt to the ground. I was too young to think much about it then, but after my experience in the world, I many times thought this man might have returned and done the deed to avenge the ill-treatment he received at their hands.

My father had some peculiarities of which I many times thought, though not impropitious. He was always with money, and apparently very careless with it. Why, the man from the time I can remember had silver and gold coins in a pocket of nearly all his pantaloons hanging around on the walls in his room, and nearly always had it rattling in the pockets of the pants he wore. Then, in the same room, hanging on the wall was an old traveling satchel wherein he kept, as souvenirs, the largest gold coins and some smaller ones, also some silver. I used to get some down, I remember, before I knew what money was and play with them on the carpet, and

rub and brighten those that had become tarnished. The bulk of his money that he did not invest in stock or town property he rarely ever kept in banks or out on interest, but kept it about the house. Once during the summer he had a roll of bills put away in the parlor stove, and one damp cool day my sister's sweetheart came to see her, when she made fire in the stove and burnt it up. I never knew him to put money out on interest until after he moved to town, which was several years after my mother died, when he loaned some to the Professors of the college, which was mostly I think as an accomodation, as he seemed to believe in acquiring money through virtue of his husbandry instead of interest, especially usury.

In temperance he was exemplary, I never saw him drink a drop of liquor; and if he ever was drunk in his life, I do not know it. Even, he would not tolerate eggnog in his house at no time. He said it was sugar-coating the Devil, and if one was obliged to get drunk there was more honor in taking it straight. I heard him say he used tobacco in his youth, but when he arrived at the age of puberty he quit it. He would generally, however, keep a barrel of sweet-cider in the cellar. He kept it sweet or from being intoxicating by first boiling it, then adding some chemicals.

In his dress, though economical, he was very precise. He always had about half a dozen pair of

pants hanging about on the wall in his room at one time,—one special pair for going abroad on Sundays, one pair for Sundays in common, one for going to town Saturday afternoons and round about generally, one for about home when at leisure, and couple pairs for different times when at work. Then his shirts he wanted with lay-down collars attached, and subject to a change every time he went away during the week; his boots and shoes were never patched, and his hats he could never bear to be slouchy.

I must not neglect my mother and sister, for they too deserve compliment, not in temperance or dress, as all women of any account are always temperate and tidy, but relative to house work and industry. Well can I remember that the floor of every uncarpeted room (the kitchen and buttery generally speaking) did they mop and scour white regularly twice a week and every Saturday wash off window-panes of the kitchen and dining room at least; likewise the door and window facings, as I have thought since even to an excess, as the paleness of the paint at those places used to become quite observant in consequence. Then every spoon, knife and fork had to be rubbed and scoured with sand and ashes at least once a week; so too, the tinware always had to shine like new silver dollars. They always had one day of the week for washing, the day following a change of clothes on Sunday, and that was Monday regard-

less of the weather. The meals were always served as regularly each day as the clock rolled off the hours of time. And if ever the dishes were left standing unwashed from one meal to another, I never noticed it. Then in cookery they were artistic and diversifying, not having the same thing over and over again each meal. Yes, many times have I missed the blessings of my father's table, and the happiness of his home.

My people, especially the women, never had any assistance in their work by servants or inferiors, but did it all themselves. And my father never had any tenants about him; but to the extent he and his boys were inadequate, he had his daily laborers and hired hands. In this, however, they were not like Aristarchus and his household, whom exhorted by Socrates, "brought to it by dire compulsion and poverty;" but it was their choice and their pleasure; it was innate with them, having a disposition not to want the family society contaminated with the ignorance and irrelevancy of inferiors. Nevertheless, they were always ready to lend a helping hand to elevate fallen humanity.

Several years before my mother died, reading, she said, gave her a dizzy feeling; so she had me read for her, generally from the bible. I remember one time I was reading, she said that when I am grown I can say that I read the bible to my mother when I was a little boy. It seems her selections were gen-

erally something on temperance. The greatest impression on my mind with reference to temperance, however, she made in a different way.

"See yonder man staggering along the wayside"! she said to me one day when we were out in the country, "he is drunk, another name for crazy! See! how he stares and glares, and how senseless he talks. He is crazy, made so by his own hand, by drinking rum, that detestable suicidal weapon." "This is something you must never do my boy, drink rum," she continued as we went on, "it is only a low and thoughtless class that do so, for it matters not how one's mind becomes deranged and makes one crazy, whether by drinking rum or through other injuries that may be inflicted on one's self, that one is crazy is enough." "One can drink just a little rum and it won't hurt him," she said, "but if you keep on drinking a little, and a little, and a little, in the course of time you get so you crave it either for the taste or the effect, then you can't help drinking too much of it, when it will derange your mind and make you drunk. So if my boy don't want to become a drunkard and take crazy spells, he must never commence drinking it. And remember if you do, it is yourself that you are hurting, it is you that will be a drunkard, it is you that will be a crazy man and a wretch. And besides, if ever you will do so, remember, it is because you are

thoughtless and mark a degree accordingly low in the scale of human life."

In like manner, she taught me the evils of using tobacco. "It is no good," she would tell me; "it don't serve as food, don't satisfy thirst or hunger, don't better the health nor improve the looks; but it poisons the system, stenches the breath, breeds disease, and is a constant expense to those who use it."

The training seems to have had the desired effect, at least I never have been addicted to either evils. And I can truthfully say, I do believe that all liquor I ever drank during life up to this writing, inclusive of medical purposes, would not amount to a single quart. While with outlaws my argument against it was, "it will not do to risk; one under its influence cannot be depended on."

After attaining a knowledge of the arts and sciences, however, I became convinced that these habits, the constant intrusion into the system of poisons, was contrary to the laws of health; and that it was only a matter of time till the evil effects were manifested in some form, which gave me more reason for abstaining. Yes, I became convinced that any form of intemperance or violation of the laws of health deranges the system, impairs the forces necessary to existence, and brings on certain forms of diseases or physical and mental weakness; and in the

ends, shortens life accordingly. As I expressed it to myself: "Intemperance is nothing more or less than a slow process of suicide." The question might be asked, why then do so many smart men knowingly indulge and some just to be popular? I could answer this no better than by asking, why do so many smart men commit outright suicide? Owing to my observance of hygenic laws, I can say, unless in consequence of unnatural causes, that when I arrive at the age of fifty I expect to be of the same physical and mental ability as a man of these habits at the age of thirty; and when at the age of seventy, about that of a man of these habits at the age of fifty.

Her training, too, appears to have been of a nature that caused me always to respect her and endeavor to help her and do her acts of kindness. I can honestly say that I do believe I never left the yard, either to go to school or elsewhere, but what I did not first say: "Mother, isn't there something I can do before I go?" I also feel proud that I can say I was in like manner good to my sister after my mother died; and too, that my sister was like a mother to me afterwards.

Having spoken of the good discipline of my mother at home, it would not be treating the subject fairly unless I should too speak of a particular in which I many times thought she was not so correct. It was in the game of cards. Before I knew what

cards were for, a boy at school gave me one for a thumb-card, and I thought it was the prettiest card I ever saw. I had it in my book after returning; upon my mother seeing it, she took it and threw it into the fire, saying it belongs to the devil. This always thereafter appeared curious to me till I got out into the world and investigated it for myself and learned how to play.

I think the evil of any thing should be explained to a child, and never be too much to the extreme in such things.

I might, too, add that it was ever my disposition and endeavor to make those around me happy if I could.

"Come here, I'll buy your paper!" I once said to a ragged and dirty faced little girl as she was calling aloud on the streets, "New York Ledger! a penny a piece!"

"How many have you?" I said, confronting her.

"Seventeen," she replied, counting them out.

Giving her a quarter, I took the entire package, saying this pays for them all, does it not? and started to go.

She looked so bewildered that I gave them all back to her except one, saying, "take them, keep the money, and go sell them again!"

CHAPTER III.

It was at the age of six, in the time of summer, when my school days began. Instead of going to our village school in the corporation of which we lived, I went with my brother Benjamin to Stroh's school house, two miles south of us. The reason of this, I think, was due to a novelty of my brother and a vacation in our own district at this time of the year; the school in our district having been divided into three terms, fall, winter and spring terms of three months each. This school at Stroh's school-house was held during that part of summer when the wild mayapple, the huckleberry, and the straw and dewberries were ripening along our pathway, and the landscape covered with blooms and wild flowers —all presenting a panorama and affording a condition, inviting and exhilarating. It was also that part of the year when the best season for angling in the creeks and lakes had set in, whose waters teemed with different kinds of fish, such as pickerel, black-bass, roach or calico bass, perch, sunfish and bull-heads. In these streams and lakes along our way, we had the privilege of stopping sometimes after school in the afternoon and fish; there having been a lake

on each side of the road, and a creek to cross which ran through our land. My first school days, thus attended with these digressions and objects of attraction and amusement, were ushered in with contentment.

After this summer school, I always attended our town school until I finished the course. Here my school days passed away very pleasantly, except one term while yet quite small; and, I think the first school I attended by myself. The reason was in consequence of wrangles and combats among the boys I did not like, ensuing from sheer carelessness of the teachers. The teachers during this school would all go quite a distance to their dinners at the same time, leaving us children (about one hundred and fifty pupils) all by ourselves, even a pupil appointed to ring the first bell, thus many times left by ourselves till only a minute or two before school-call. The teachers were no more than going out of sight till the larger boys had a couple of guards stationed on the outside to watch for their approach, when they would proceed with their misdemeanors. The school house at this time was a two story frame building with a large room and a closet intended for dinner buckets and clothing, above and below. In these closets, is where the boys, with a guard at the window at the outside and one at the door opening into the large room, would perform. They would nearly invariably use the lower closet; for a

reason, as I think now, to be better able to keep it secluded from the young ladies and others of the higher grades attending above, who might have disclosed it had they gotten on to the racket. That which I despised greatest was fighting us little chaps against each other, generally those who were noticed to have some previous altercations or grudges. I remember once I was pitted against one of three brothers, about the same size, who I knocked out of the ring; then they put two of them against me and I knocked both out; and then they put all three against me and I done them all up. At least this is what the boys said, I remember, and laughed about it. Teachers and trustees or directors should always know that it is never for the best to let so many children by themselves in this way. A number of times during this school I cried, not wanting to go to school, but crying, and toothache and not feeling well (in my mind) did no good—to school I had to go. And strange as it is, I never gave any reason for not wanting to go, never gave the boys away; I must have thought it as a part of the performance belonging to school, using Dave Wills's expression.

I had Mr. Wills employed in Texas to assist me in breaking a span of mustangs for a buggy team; and wanted them used to shooting so I could shoot from the buggy with safety, I took along a double barrel shotgun with a good supply of cartridges, to

shoot one occasionally from the wagon to which we drove them first a number of times. When he saw what I was up to, he said: "That is right, shoot along behind as we break them and they will think it is a part of the performance."

So with me in going to school, I must have thought everything occuring at school belonged there and was a part of the performance. I have a number of times thought since if pupils would tattle less to their parents and friends, which I have found the case in many schools, and have their minds more on their books, they would learn faster; and if parents would pay less attention to the like of this, we would have better schools. If ever I told the truth in my life, I tell it when I say that I never told anything against a pupil or teacher occurring at school to my parents nor to any one, that I can recall, no matter how badly I thought I was treated.

The last teacher I went to at our home school was Prof. Smith (Ed. Smith). He taught one term, I think, in the old frame building, when a brick college was erected, where I finished my course under him as principal and Prof. Shambaugh as first assistant.

During the summer before the fall term in the new building Prof. Smith went to Carlisle, Indiana, to help conduct a normal school of two months. In a conversation one day, relative to school affairs, before knowing of him going abroad to render services in a school, I said if I knew of

any school during the summer I would attend it. So after knowing he was going to Carlisle, he entreated me to go with him, saying I could carry on my course under him there just the same as though I was attending at home, and thus be that much ahead. My father sanctioned it and of course I went. Prof. Smith lived at Angola, eight miles south of our village, where he said for me to come to on a certain train and he would get aboard and join me, which he did. I will never forget the greeting he gave me when he confronted me on the train and the kind and tutelary treatment generally during our sojournment. Before leaving home father gave me a little roll of bills saying: "This will be amply sufficient to pay your board bill and all other expenses." After arriving at Carlisle I took up board at the same place as did the Professor. I then reckoned closely what the amount of my board and railway fare back home would be, which money I put away by itself. With the rest, I bought a new suit of clothes and other necessaries. After the school ended, Prof. Smith had other business which detained him a few days whereupon I took the train by myself and returned home. This was the first time I had ever been this far away from home and settled my own bills.

The fall term of school at home shortly opened in the new college building, when I was again at hand and attended.

For some reason my teachers regarded me as a pupil in whom they could put great dependence, especially Prof. Smith. After returning from Carlisle, if there was anything in tact in which a pupil was to figure, it seems it was intrusted to me.

"Meet me in room four by yourself after school and after the other pupils have left," I remember he said to me once, catching me by myself so no one else could hear. After school, I loitered about, pretending to be looking for lost books, till rooms and halls were clear of pupils, when I entered room four, where we had a secret consultation.

"I will do it if you think I am equal to the emergency," I said.

"I will have an outline of the plan in the last desk of this room under a book by next Monday at noon, lock the doors again, and leave the keys under a block under the steps on the south side," he continued.

Monday was the day of the week set apart instead of Saturday, so common in the south, when there is no school.

On Monday morning, as I was standing by some of my schoolmates, and as he passed us returning from the postoffice with his mail, he addressed me by name, saying, "Those eggs will be cooked now directly."

"All right," I said, "I'll be there on time."

One of the schoolmates, standing by, I remem-

ber, looked up and said, "What, you cooking eggs!"

I will only say that this was a plan relative to the scholastic and commercial interest of the town to be put ablaze by other parties than the teachers. He assuredly understood the human nature of his pupils, for not to this day have I ever divulged it to any one, only what I say now, which I consider no betrayal of confidence after these many years and when no damage can any more ensue. However, I was never queried by any teacher, that I remember, relative to a pupil's deportment or misconduct; and too, this would have been the last thing I would have thought of telling, to which I once alluded.

During the latter part of my course, I think the last two terms, Prof. Smith had me teach a quarter of a day every morning—a geometry class, an algebra class and a higher arithmetic class—which I found a great help as a review and some experience in teaching. I never taught an independent school till after finishing my course, when I went over into the state of Michigan, took the examination, received my certificate, and taught the public school at a place called Gilead. I met with remarkable success for the experience that I had, considering the large school and the many different grades. I have many times thought since, however, that a beginner should always commence with a small school first, thereby making it more pleasant

and a reputation as teacher less fallible. After this, I never taught school any more for a number of years and then in Texas.

Sometime during my school days in our village school, I dreamt three different dreams which were so impressive that I could never forget; so that as my following history, which I thoughtlessly made, reminded me of them, I will relate them. Besides, I give them since they have been a mystery to me from a philosophical standpoint, inasmuch that there seems to be a connection between the present and future existence of man which causes one to dream in this way, as though the brewing of future events were transmitting impressions on the brain something similar to the transmissions of intelligence through a wireless telegraphy.

In the first dream, I saw in the heavens a table pushed aside with the legs making a great sonorous and vibratory noise, such as is made by a table when pulled along on the bare floor in a room, only much louder and more impressive, when a pen-holder rolled off and jingled away with a similar high-sounding noise, such as made by a pen-holder when thrown off a table on the floor.

In the next dream, I saw passing by, above me in the heavens, a large open belfry and within a huge bell suspended, ringing loudly and vehemently as it went. These specters were so apparent and so impressive as though they had actually happened,

and as though they had happened but yesterday.

In the third, I dreamt that while I was driving the cows home from pasture as usual through the timber, having my gun with me, I got after a fox-squirrel running along on the ground, and after a wearied chase and a number of shots, I killed it; when upon approaching, I was horrified to find it was a red-headed man I had killed. Waking up and finding it was only a dream, I was so glad that I could not sleep any more the remainder of the night. After that, I could never pass that place along side the road in the woods but what I thought about the dream.

CHAPTER IV.

The kinds of recreation during my school days, were varied; fishing, hunting and shooting, of which, were my favorites. To these diversions, I devoted a reasonable part of my time during vacations, and on Mondays during the school terms, as my father did not require me to work but very little unless it was my fancy to do so. The form of fishing I enjoyed best, in the spring and summer, was spearing at night, setting hooks in the day time, and sometimes trolling. "Spearing fish at night" was very fatiguing on account of losing sleep and laborious work; but it was exciting, which I used to enjoy very much. Several of the boys I used to hear remark, after being up all night and on our way home next day after sun-up, "Oh, this is going to be my last trip, I feel too sleepy and miserably bad!" And I would think so myself sometimes; but after we would return, catch up with sleep and rest, in a short time we were ready to try it again. There is no mistake that this was "the way" in those days and places to get the fish. I remember having so many fish in the bed of the boat at the break of day that I would be standing in them nearly to the top of my rubber boots, and so heavy

that the oarsmen would have to be cautious in keeping the boat from dipping water. Our equipment, generally, consisted of two oarsmen in the rear, and two in front spearing, having a large lamp with a reflector adjusted on a staff before them; though, I sometimes thought I enjoyed spearing by myself best, in this way have plenty of room and hurl the spear artistically, right and left. It seems, I had gotten to be such an expert that I could throw my spear ten to fifteen feet just ahead of a fish swimming and get him. One reason I was good early in using the spear, my brother Benjamin and I, in our plays, when I was a little tot used to haul each other about in a cart and throw an old gig we had at sticks as though they were fish, as we were pulled along standing up. Some of the fish, such as the pickerel and black bass, would invariably be swimming their utmost; and being blinded by the light, they were as likely to strike toward the boat as any way. Fish like the cat fish and sunfish generally laid quietly in the water, and were no more to spear than sticks of wood. The size light we had may be inferred by us using from five to eight gallons of coal oil a night. The lakes we generally frequented to do our night spearing were, Lake George, Lake James and Silver Lake.

"To set our hooks," we generally went to Marsh Lake, about three or four miles from our place. In this, we would cut as many poles, fifteen to twenty

feet long, as we had lines and could tend well, generally twenty-five and thirty. These poles we would stick securely in the mud leaning away from the shore towards deep water, with a fish line tied to the end. For bait we used live minnows and sometimes frogs. We generally used corks on our lines; thus, with the poles stuck slanting the minnows would keep swimming about in the water. Pickerel and black bass were what we would fish for in this way.

"Trolling for fish" consisted of one with oars in the middle of the boat rowing the boat, and another one sitting in the rear end pulling a line about a hundred yards long with a spoon and hooks at the end, back and forth in the water. Fish, in seeing this colored spoon whirling about the hooks and going along through the water, would take it to be an insect of some kind, and jumping at it, get caught on the hooks. To get a large fish on a line of this kind and land him into the boat would be fine sport.

My favorite way fishing in the winter was cutting holes through the ice and setting hooks. In this way of fishing, we would cut as many holes through the ice at reasonable distances along the shore as we had lines for and could tend, generally fifty and sixty; having the holes a little oblong and just large enough to pull a big fish through. Cutting these holes, at times, we found very laborious, and well paid for our fun; the ice being a foot and

a half and two feet thick. For each hole we would have a narrow plank half as wide as your hand and about two feet long with a hole bored in near one end, through which a round stick would be put to rest on the ice on each side of the hole, thus forming a bobber. The line was tied to the end of the plank nearest the hole and dropped through the hole in the ice into the water. A fish in pulling on the line, in this way, would pull one end of the plank down and the other long end bob up and oscillate in the air, which could be seen at some distance. We generally carried with us red or black tape and tie on the end so it could be seen further and better. For bait we used the live minnow, and the kind of fish mostly caught were the pickerel and black bass. In doing this kind of fishing, we generally selected a time when there was no snow on the ice and good skating. Thus, we would be skating about on a side at our leisure watching for a bobber to fly up, when we would have a race, skating to it to land the fish, which was not only good exercise but quite exciting and amusing.

We experimented at different times in different ways to these modes of fishing, but generally without success. The water and grounds were too unfavorable to use the net successfully.

Hunting and shooting in like manner was quite common in those days. The forests teemed with squirrels, wild turkeys were numerous, there were

plenty of wild ducks and geese, and quails and prairie chickens abounded. In consequence, markmanship was an esteemed art, to which I took early in my boyhood. One reason for this, while very young my brothers bought me a little No. 16 gauge shotgun as a present. It was very small so I could handle it with ease, and such that takes the eye of a boy. This was so early in my boyhood yet that in loading it I did not know which went in first, shot or powder; so that my mother and sister would load it still and privilege me to go out and shoot at something. About the first thing I ever killed was a prairie chicken in this way. I remember, it was back of the house on the other side of a patch of hazel brush in tall grass where I spied them, when I crawled up within a little distance and shot one. The way they did, they must have taken me for some kind of vermin crawling through the grass. Although I was privileged to shoot the gun so early in life, I never was allowed till late in years to go out with a gun with other boys; nor did it infatuate me so as to cause me to neglect my books or my chores. It seems I cared only to use the privilege as a means of exercise or recreation when I needed it. After I was able to shoot the shotgun with ease and efficiency, I remember, I traded it off, and bought a little rifle shooting a number one buckshot. By repeated practice with this rifle, later in years I became an actual expert. To shoot a squir-

rel any place but the head was repugnant and a stigma on markmanship. Before I ever thought of being superior in markmanship to persons generally, there was some stranger, who had seen me shoot, that asked my mother if I could ride out in the country with him, when he had me put my rifle in the buggy. He never told me what he was up to, but in the early part of the day we drove up, to a squad of men with guns. It was a shooting match. As we drove up, he said to them: "I and the boy can beat any two in the crowd!" His challenge was accepted and the targets for each were made. Their agreement was that the two whose sum of the distances from the center of the target to the point of hitting was least are the ones who beat. They shot first, and we last.

"Now shoot just as you did at those pigeon's heads," said my pardner, when the report of my rifle rang out. Then he shot, when it was seen that we beat without measuring. We all shot offhand. Upon our return home, he laughingly said that his dependence was on me, that he was no shot.

It was about this time of my age when I and my brother Benjamin, one day were out in the orchard practicing shooting the rifle at still targets, when it so happened that as he was about to shoot, a hawk came sailing by us over our heads, and instead of shooting at the target he wheeled and shot at the hawk. At the crack of the gun, down fell the hawk

nearly at our feet, hitting him a dead shot. After this, encouraged by the feat, we did nearly all our practice at flying targets. The first, we commenced by shooting at tin cans and bottles pitched in the air; then we got to carrying small cart wheels out on a hill, and one roll them down and bring them back while the other shot and loaded alternately.

We also, I remember, frequented fields of pumpkins and rolled round ones down the hill and practiced shooting at them as they went; but to hit these, shooting from the rear, we found an easy task. We continued this form of shooting, and at game running and flying as well, until my brother began entering the state of puberty, when he was gradually attracted from this form of diversion to a devotion of his leisure hours to his Sweethearts, and married. Neverthless, I not only kept up the practice while yet at home; but after leaving home and changing my name, I went to drilling right. Even, I many times thought that to shoot a shot was no more to me in my practice for markmenship, than a thump on a key of a piano is to a person to become a good pianist; so extensively did I shoot and practice after leaving home.

The first fine sport I had shooting the wild deer was in northern Michigan while yet at home, having gone on a week's trip with a party from Ann Arbor. I used a 44 Cal. Evans Repeating Rifle, repeated twenty-six times. After taking my stand,

I would commence shooting when a deer first came in sight through the under-brush and empty the magazine or get him. Many times in shooting, the barrel of my rifle became so hot I could not bear my hand on it for a time. In killing the deer, I had the best luck in aiming as near as I could for the end of the nose, when the bullet would hit them in the vicinity of the heart.

One thing of which I will here speak is a disposition I had never to be boasting; no matter how expert or dexterous a person might be in whatever accomplishment, it was always repugnant to me. I always liked to let the work show up for itself and let some one else do the telling.

I also have had some experience in the art of trapping with steel traps in my boyhood. I remember tending traps one fall up and down Eaton's creek and around Farnham's lake, trapping for muskrats, mink and otter, though other animals would sometimes get in the traps such as the raccoon and weasel.

It is in order, also, to give other experiences, which I will relate in another chapter; such as relating to superstition, sociability and courtship, narrow escapes, etc.

CHAPTER V.

"There! that's a light in the graveyard," I said to myself as I took several strides skating down the pond on the west side the road, looking at it attentively. "Yes, I can't be mistaken for there it is," I continued after turning and gazing at it again.

It was during my school days when Saturday nights we boys would gather on a pond of ice on the west side of the road, opposite the graveyard and midway between the village and depot; and at a time I happened to be the first one to appear. Without loss of time, I took off my skates and started up the road towards the village, to meet the boys, never looking back. Before reaching the village I heard the clamor of a crowd of boys approaching.

"I'll not tell them," I thought, "but let them first see it for themselves," falling in line in the rear going back. Approaching the graveyard, I noticed a light on my left and on the other side, and as we went on, the light kept moving to my right till I saw without a doubt that it was the same light that I mistook to be in the graveyard, having been over the graveyard but beyond." "Well, I wonder if all the hobgoblins and haunts, people talk of so much come about in this way?" I thought. Is it all a myth—all

an apparition caused through misapplying natural consequences by scary and excitable people?"

Ever after this, when anything made is appearance in the nature of haunts and hobgoblins, I searched into the cause, until I became convinced that it was always traceable to natural consequences, and that preternatural appearances were unreal. A believing in the existence of haunts and goblins, or preternatural existence, of anything, I know as superstition.

Shortly after this, one moonlight night upon returning home, I passed through the dark hall leading to my room, and opened the door. To my amazement there was a light on the opposite side of the room on the wall.

"What does this mean?" I thought. The more I looked at it the larger it got.

"I'll not be outdone by no such a thing," I thought, and advanced towards it. As I was advancing, it got as large as a wagon wheel; when, finally, I stood before it face to face, I saw the paper window blind was down and that it was merely the moon shining through a jagged hole that had been punched through it during the day.

After this again one night, I was riding fast in a buggy over a smooth road leading through a timber with a clearing, when at once an upright pillar of fire dashed into appearance on my right and moved on at considerable speed. I gazed at it a moment

till its appearance looked formidable; when I said, "I'll stop and follow you up and see what it means." As I stopped it stopped, when I saw it was a broken off tree or high stump in a coal of fire from top to bottom.

In Texas, one night while sleeping by myself in a house which was recognized far and near as a "haunted house," I fortunately woke up at a late hour to hear a remarkable rumpus up in the garret. The house was old, and the walls of such construction as to admit the entrance of rats from the basement into the garret above. These rats were making the alarming racket. Then too, several large shade trees grown up by the house had limbs extending out on the roof; and when the wind blew, they would rub on the shingles and the dolesome noise add to the disturbance. "Were I of a superstitious nature," I thought as I lay awake, "and unable to conceive the cause, I would get scared myself and think the house was haunted sure enough." But like rain pattering on the shingles of a roof, it had the effect of serenading me back to sleep.

So averse to the idea of the existence of haunts and goblins had I become that instead of observing darkness as the shelter of such things, I regarded it as a refuge for safety and repose. Even in graveyards, I could now sleep in the darkness, cowboy style with my blankets on the high grass, as unconcernedly as I used to on a feather bed in the upper

story of my father's house with the doors closed.

Referring to graveyards, however, experience has revealed the fact that sometimes they are infested by graverobbers, who want the skeletons and the bodies for dissecting purposes, especially those of paupers and criminals, which is enough to make an innocent beholder a believer in goblins if the least inclined to be superstitious; and is the way that many stories have arisen about such things which are reported to have been seen in graveyards.

SOCIABILITY AND COURTSHIP.

"Will we take girls with us?" I said after an agreement on a piscatorial expedition to Lake James for a week. It was Ralph Follette I addressed.

"No," he said firmly, "fishing and courting don't go together, one of them at a time."

This proved a wonderful lesson to me. While I asked this and was willing to abide by his decision, still I was not in favor of it myself. The reason, really, I asked it was because I noticed that he was ever publicly very sociable with the fairer sex, and that to do so might be his pleasure. Noticeably, did I ever see him coming to church or lectures at night with some damsel swung on his arm. This is right; this is courtesy. But it was not my fortune to make this my custom. From the beginning my mind virtually was imbued with ingenuity and restless-

ness, and rather lacked sufficient time for study I desired; so that my courting was at my convenience and without much loss of time. And a part of my time was put in listening to men of experience talk. For instance there was Mr. Havens, the postmaster, and his friend Mr. Heath, who were looked upon as men of skepticism, but who were far ahead of their time, to whose conversations I many times stopped and listened, while boys and girls of my sphere were on the romp. I reluctantly say that in those times, outside of relatives, I never accompanied a girl to any public gathering, save in a buggy several times at a distance, as to Angola, and this for reasons peculiar to myself.

"Yes. fishing and courting don't go together," I many times have found since; for love is subversive to success in the former, and tends to transgressions during the time in the latter. Yea, a love, the sweetest of all sweet things of which one can think, is too enticing; wooers must keep in their spheres.

Nevertheless this again depends I find on the training of children, their surroundings, and the customs of the people, which differ greatly in different countries. In the Northeast, in my growing up, courting was carried on among the youngsters with but little restriction. The young man would call on his sweetheart probably in the afternoon and have a general talk with the family till supper time; after which they would retire to the parlor and enter-

tain one another by themselves till midnight, and many times until two and three o'clock in the morning acording to their fancy. Then in parties, in a game called "snap and catch 'em," the young man after catching the girl was entitled to a kiss, which was administered as unconcernedly as any part of play. But when I entered the southwest, as in Texas, I found all this different. A young man courting a girl at night, in case he did not leave at the proper time, could hear called out by one of the parents, addressing the girl, "Its bed time!" And then, in case his departure was attended with impudence, it is more than probable that it would be the last invitation extended him by the girl. And in parties, in the same game, "snap and catch 'em," would a young man, after catching the girl attempt to kiss her, it is more than likely she would knock him in the face for his incivility, and probably her friends would resent the act as an outrage.

At first I could not account for this difference in customs; but after more experience I could see some reasons for it. Young men in the northeast were but little on the move and changing about, and their surroundings forced them to abide by the consequences of their deportment, so they were more regardful and civil, thus establishing confidence in the minds of parents, and drifted into a custom of leniency; while in the southwest the young men, to a great extent, were a reckless class

of cow-boys who were ever ready to bury themselves from civilization in some other part of the hospitable west, thus putting parents on their guard, and causing them to drift into a custom of greater stringency.

But whatever the established custom relative hereto, I have found that a young man invariably strives to make his final selection from the girls who remain within the sphere of modesty and those of exemplary character. In this training I became convinced mothers cannot be too heedful.

"That girl has a mother," once said a roysterer to me after a round. "I thought so after the first dash of my eyes; and found it just that way afterwards," he continued.

Even such as improper pictures on the wall, I have known to leave, not only its bearing; but serve as instruments for such roysterers to begin allurement. And it is not always the boisterous ones to be feared, but many times to the contrary. It makes me think of the following poetry:

The boisterous cat in its frolicsome way,
  Causes birds to be on guard,
And put them all to flight.
But one silent, with alluring way,
  Overtaking them unawares,
Has one in its toils before its aware.

NARROW ESCAPES.

Narrow escapes seem to have been my fortune from the first.

"I cringed with fear for your life as I saw you scrambling," said my partner to me as we were again flying in the sharp breeze on top a flat car. "Why do you take such risk?"

We were both on our way home from school; and, royster like, wanting to save spending money, and glorying in an out-door recreation, we took this way of passage, a way tolerated in those times by the railroad boys to students. It was late in the fall of the year and the surface of things generally frosty, though the kind of weather comfortable for youngsters in the open air by romping about enough to keep warm. In changing cars, we did so while on the move. I ran forward to the moving train, made a leap, but owing to the frost my hold slipped and my legs shot under the car, fortunately hitting a wheel which sent me back on the ground in safety. Had I happened to have come to the car at another place my legs would have shot between the wheels and I would have been cut in two and killed. Of course, this was a lesson so impressive that after this I was ever cautious.

Before this, when quite small, I was out riding a frisky steed we called "Doll." As usual, I led the horse to the entrance of the barn to the first stall, slipped off the bridle to let her run back behind the

other horses to her place, about the fifth stall; but I left the rein over her neck and at the same time a half hitch was made around my foot as the horse started back. As I was being dragged back and dangling about the heels of the other horses, they all commenced kicking; and when I became conscious again, I found myself kicked through the board wall in the rear out into the wagon shed. If there was a hole in the wall beforehand through which I might have crawled during the commotion, I never knew it.

In like manner, later on, I had narrow escapes in terrible runaways; narrow escapes in being knocked down once by lightning; two narrow escapes in sickness, when, at the critical time, as it was, I calmly waited to see which way the ebb of life was falling, whether on "the other side of the river" or continue existence in this world; narrow escapes from whistling bullets; narrow escapes from gun-shot wounds and narrow escapes from wild and domestic animals—all too numerous to mention here in detail.

CHAPTER VI.

After finishing my course at school in my native town to take a course in some noted college was next on my mind. Oxford, England, was my choice, would I have had the means to have coped as an aristocrat. I thereupon visited the schools at Hillsdale, Valparaiso, and the Evangelical schools at Naperville, but never felt satisfied to enter any of them. I then went to Grandview, Iowa, and visited a few days with my uncle Philip Wagoner; thence to Kansas, to see my Brother Benjamin. Shortly after this, returning home, I went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, the university of the state, and entered under an assumed name. Why I did this, I can hardly tell. This was the second time I went under an assumed name. The first time I went under an assumed name was in acting as an agent for a washing machine. My people having bought one, and favorably impressed with it, I thought they would be a ready sale and money in selling them. So, knowing headquarters at the time was Auburn, I took the train and went down to try my hand, assuming the name Phillips. The only way I can account for taking an assumed name here, was that

I thought myself above such a following and did not want it known among my friends and connection. I find now this was one of my failings I had in my youth; one should not be ashamed of any pursuit which is honorable and serviceable to man. Then again, from the fact that I was, ever, from the beginning, seeking strange experiences, it seems I had uncontrollable instinct towards wanting to generalize against mishaps which might be a reflection on my fair name and my people. This is the only way I can account for entering college under an assumed name at Ann Arbor.

Some might think that I was misled by reading trashy literature, but far from it. I can truthfully say that up to that time, I do not think that I ever read a single line in a novel or fiction. It was all on modern and ancient history, theology, and the arts and sciences, such as taught in our schools and colleges. Though, I must say that I read newspaper accounts of the robberies during my youth that were beginnning to be a scourge of the country in the west, laid to some of Quantrell's men; but which, instead of having the effect of misleading me, had more a tendency to excite a curiosity to know what should possess men to do so, and create a desire rather to be with such men to study their motives.

I attended college at Ann Arbor a very short time, when I became dissatisfied and went over to Toronto,

Canada, thinking of entering the polytechnic at that place; but after viewing the situation, it neither suited me. I took up board at the Shakespeare hotel and I think I remained three weeks. I had all my books with me, and would sit up till late hours at night studying them, hardly taking time to attend their occasional entertainments in their large parlor below. From this place, I went south, after visiting the Niagara Falls, and seeing the sights generally in this section of country; also going into western Michigan, up St. Mary's River, looking at the lock in the "Soo" Canal.

Although, still in my teens, my mind was now becoming restless for a profession for a livelihood. Some time after returning home again, I sauntered over to the old homestead. Here, to my surprise (for it appeared to me only a few days since the opening of spring) I found the wheat heading out, the clover in blooms, and everything indicating the immediate approach of summer.

"This will never do," I said to myself, "I must be geting off and a-doing."

On my way home, I thought of where I best go and what I best do. The kind of a profession I best liked was one which required traveling about. And now I come to what hitherto, for some time has been brewing in my mind, a restlessness, which, together with a natural thirst for knowledge and adventure, to which alluded before, culminated in

leading me away from home out into the world.

Our town and country at this time, as the northeast generally, was very zealous in religious devotion, at least the class to whom my people adhered. The Evangelicals, the church of my parents, had their quarterly and protracted meetings, and all—the Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists—had their revivals. The Evangelical and Methodist churches, as their form of worship was similar, generally clubbed together during their revival meetings and the converts requested to join the church in which they felt best at home. At all these meetings they had continual shouting, and a going through the congregation imploring those not belonging to church, sinners as they called them, to go forward to the mourners' bench, be converted and be saved. I cannot say, however, that I was ever implored to go forward particularly by any of my relatives, but was by the preachers. This was a most painful embarrassment to me, to go or not to go, as my mother taught me before she died, not to be hypocritical in anything I did; and so was in no state of mind to receive such doctrine. I had been kept in school studying the arts and sciences till I wanted reasons and proof for everything. In geometry, trigonometry and astronomy to which I had devoted so much time and had completed, no conclusion was admitted without proof and reason. So in all

the arts and sciences, everything was systematized so I could comprehend and understand. But I found it to the contrary in this religious doctrine. Then so many different religious denominations, and all claiming to be right, perplexed me. And again, I found the Catholics as zealous in their religious observances as my own people, and antagonistic to each other.

In the meanwhile several years before leaving home, I procured all the different theologies and writings bearing on the subject I could get, and I read the bible from one end to the other, thinking I would solve the problem satisfactorily to myself. But this only opened the breach wider for conjecture than ever.

"There is a true religion," I said, "and it can be systematized."

I had now conceived that the surroundings and inheritance of man, to a certain extent, is responsible for what he is. For instance one brought up under Catholicism is likely to be a Catholic, one brought up under Protestantism a Protestant, one brought up under Mohammedanism a Mohammedan, and one brought up under Methodism is likely to be a Methodist, one brought up under Congregationalism likely a Congregationalist, etc. Again, a child of a criminal, if surroundings favorable, is likely to become a criminal also; a child of a drunkard, if surroundings favorable, a drunkard also,

and so on. "It is not free moral agency." I said, "but as much obligatory moral agency." By this "obligatory moral agency" I meant that man was under obligations to certain conditions for what he was and not free to act in himself in every particular. I want the kind reader to understand that I am not advocating such doctrine here, but am merely giving a sketch of my past history.

I will now go back to my return from the homestead and choosing a profession. A man naturally follows as a profession, either that which he fancies is his duty, or that which he thinks is most applicable and financially a success, or both. So a lecturing tour, advocating "obligatory moral agency," I fancied was not only my duty, but would be financially a success. I already had written a sufficient number of essays on this subject, which by combining and putting into form, made a very respectable lecture. This I forthwith proceeded to memorize for delivery, laying awake till late hours at night, repeating it over and over again to myself. I immediately left for Grand Rapids, Michigan, where I had circulars printed as long as my arm advertising the lecture, expressing in glowing terms the subject, Obligatory Moral Agency. I did not lecture at this place, but here bought a fine suit of clothes, inclusive of a silk plug hat and a pair of alligator shoes. I then took my circulars and crossed Lake

Michigan to deliver my first lecture in Wisconsin. I remember I took the steamer at Grandhaven about sunrise in the morning and arrived at Milwaukee about eleven o'clock that forenoon. At every opportunity I would walk out into the thickets or away on the prairie and deliver the lecture aloud to myself in the grandest style and eloquence my oratory admitted.

Although I had some experience, hitherto, in facing an audience, still I found that I lacked sufficient experience to give me the proper decorum and self-possession I should have had. I never remember making but two deliveries up to this time in my life, and these were an oration in a literary at Carlisle, Indiana, and my graduating address. To my detriment, I always managed someway to avoid taking part in literaries aside from this. I remember the oration I delivered in the literary at Carlisle, had the words heaven and hell in it; and Prof. Smith, after returning to our room, laid down and rolled on the carpet and laughed, saying that whenver I came to the word heaven and should have pointed up I pointed down, and when I came to the word hell I would point up. But I believed my part of this and remarked that I said it just the same. In my graduating address I presume I did much better, at least the professors said I did well. But for all this, what I lacked in oratory to deliver my lecture, I made up in brass and altisonant expressions.

It was in the town of Fond du Lac, if I remember right, where I procured a hall and delivered my lecture first. Experience is what I was now beginning to reap. I found that it took something else besides losing sleep till late hours at night preparing a lecture, bombast and brass to get the people to turn out and make lecturing a success. There was a missing link somewhere, for I barely had audience enough to lecture to. This was very embarrassing; but fortunately the train was due after my lecture, which gave me much relief, as I went on board and immediately left these ruthless people. I never stopped until I came to Kansas. I think it was Osage City, Kansas, where I procured their opera house and advertisd my lecture next. This time I concluded to charge more admission fees for the lecture, inserting a dollar as the fees, thinking it might aggrandize the lecture and be for the best. But if anything, it only made bad matters worse. Crowds would gather on the outside; and I overheard expressions like these from elderly men: "What does that beardless boy know about such things." And, "I can't hardly tell by the circulars what the lecture will be, but I think the meaning is that we are not held accountable by the Creator for what we do." Noticing these conditions confronting me, not to meet with a complete failure, I early began to issue complimentary tickets. In this way, I got an audience to lecture to again,

But my expectations were so badly frustrated that after the lecture, instead of going to the hotel, I felt like being off by myself. I thereupon picked up my small grip and went to the depot, and finding that the south bound train was not due till the next day, I walked briskly out into the darkness, and took it afoot down the railroad track. I walked till after midnight, fully ten miles, and then went over on the right to some newly made haystacks to retire for the night, the weather being dry, nice and warm. I laid my silk hat along my side and used my coat for a pillow. I never woke up till daylight in the morning, when I saw my stovepipe hat had rolled down to the foot of the hill, where the wind must have blown it. I now thought to myself how I had been splurging about putting up at the best hotels, as the Palmer House in Chicago, and now meet with such fare as this. I took my grip, got my plug hat and proceeded down the railroad track several miles to a house, where I stopped for my breakfast, saying that I left that morning without my breakfast as I wanted to get to town in time for the train. The good lady not making any charges, I laid a quarter on the table, saying I did not wish to intrude for nothing. Upon being refreshed by the hot breakfast (for any one familiar with such over-exertions knows how refreshing it is), I leisurely walked on to town, thinking over my experience.

"What does the boy know about such things," kept coming into my mind. "This is what they will say," I thought. "If I could make my hair grey and my face rinkly, I would keep on lecturing," I said, "but to continue in this way and under other unfavorable conditions is too embarrassing." It became revealed to me now that a man cannot perfect a profession in a moment, especially become a successful lecturer on subjects not popular and out of the ordinary channels of thought; even the most scientific, no matter how true, only conservative and less able to understand. By the time the south bound train rolled in, I came to a the less acceptable, since the people generally are conclusion to quit lecturing on this theme and not promulgate anything bearing thereon either orally or in writing till I acquired more experience and became older. So I concluded to return home again and follow doing something more agreeable.

Traveling by railway, I will say, was not very expensive to me in this age, as I managed to procure passes, else rode on mileage, competition or excursion tickets; the competition between different railway companies being very great, not having been organized as they now are. Whether I went to lower Kansas and visited my brother Benjamin this trip I do not remember; but I stopped over a few days with my uncle Philip Wagoner on my return, for I remember showing a cir-

cular to my cousin Lizzie and she complimented me and wanted one to keep to show. Upon my return home, I never told any one of my lecturing tour that I remember, except my father; but the Methodist preacher must have gotten one of my circulars someway, for when I went to the church the following Sunday, it appears he had a sermon to meet the occasion. He drilled wearily on the idea of such a thing as oposing free moral agency. But I thought to myself, if he had heard my lecture on what I styled obligatory moral agency, he would not have said what he did; for the way I presented it there was no conflict between it and pure Christianity. For example: "Train up a child in the way he should go;" that is, place it under conditions, as I had it, culture and develop those forces you want the child to possess when grown, thus have the child grow up to be a person of integrity, temperance, morals, good manners, etc. Even, I can see, now, that had I been properly bridled when a child and growing up, I might not have left home as I did. My father made a mistake by not ascertaining to what profession I was most naturally inclined and give me encouragement in that direction, which he never did.

As soon as I went home from church where rebuked by the Methodist Minister, I concluded to divert the attention of my acquaintance and friends therefrom, and conciliate matters, by giving a lecture

on temperance in our town. I, therefore, procured the Congregational church across the way from our house, and had it announced to be a week from then at night. The lecture consisted of physiological facts, such as pertaining to the evils of alcoholic beverages and that of the tobacco habits. The lecture was free, and I had a full house. I remember Prof. Shambaugh and nearly all the college students were there; and after the lecture he came to the front, shook hands, and complimented me on the lecture. My niece, Sara Isenhower, who was attending school at the time, informed me afterwards that Prof. Shambaugh told them all, when he heard of the lecture, that it was their duty to attend, give me a full house and show respect; that I had been a student among them, am from the town, and that he would be there at the lecture himself. This always made me think what a man of integrity and how noble he must have been.

A short time after this, I told my father that I wanted to engage in something that there was some money in, and that if he asisted me with several hundred dollars, I would go into southern Kansas or Texas and bring up a couple car-loads of unbroke ponies; that I could get them from four to ten dollars a head by taking a herd at a time, and sell them in the north at a good price. He procured me the money desird, and I immediately left and went to southern Kansas and the Indian

Territory. I stopped at Chetopa, Kansas, and hired a livery team from Barr Brothers (I think this was the name), and drove about to different ranches and bought a herd directly, which I shipped. This trip proved to be quite profitable. After this trip I returned home. In getting the money I wanted before leaving, my father had gotten a hundred dollars from Gilbert & Michael to make up the amount. So I saw Mr. Gilbert and asked him if they wanted the money or whether I could use it longer. He said they needed it, whereupon I paid the amount due them. I now concluded to make a trip and buy horses on a smaller scale and with my own money. I forthwith went to Ft. Scott, Kansas, and there bought a span of ponies broke to drive, and a topless buggy with harness, to save paying livery bills in locating horses for sale. I went below Baxter Springs across the Territory line and bought enough for a car load, and had them all broke to lead before leaving with them. Necking them together in pairs and each pair fastened to a rope running between them, I took the front end of the rope, got in my buggy and drove away, intending to ship from Ft. Scott. The grass was excellent all through this country, and no expense for feeding them was necessary; the country being nearly all open, except what little fencing there was about the different towns. By the time I arrived at Ft. Scott, I found that I

could dispose of them at profitable rates merely by driving northward through the country. I already had sold a couple pairs. So I started northward in the direction my brother was located, selling them along as I went, and swapping off unruly ones to lead at every opportunity, sometimes paying difference. When I arrived at my brother's, I think I had but three left besides the team I was driving.

I remained at my brother's less than a week; when I left for, I think is was Lawrence, Kansas, to sell my buggy and team in view of taking a trip in the south on a different business, which I did; inasmuch that I had been carrying on correspondences of various kinds, such as one will when not permanently engaged, and desirous of something new and better. To make it plain, I will now go back and relate a couple of incidents which happened, and which favorably impressed me with the idea of entering the detective service.

As I was riding along on a train at night for Buffalo, New York, there came walking down the aisle an observant and effeminate looking young man, who, apparently attracted by my appearance, confronted me and asked whether he could sit side of me. "Certainly," I replied, "with pleasure." He entered into a very pleasant conversation, and indicative of accomplishment and culture; when, upon approaching Buffalo, he said: "Do you cus-

tomarily take an omnibus to your hotel or walk down?"

"I have never been in Buffalo before," I remarked "and I always take a 'bus in such cases at night." "Walk down with me," he continued, "I go right by one of the principal hotels, and it is but a little ways." "All right," said I, and off together we went. We turned one corner after another and passed tall and magnificent buildings till I became a little alarmed that I might be misled; when, all of a sudden he stopped at the foot of a flight of stairs by one of these buildings and said, "here is my place of business, let us go up and warm." It was cold and freezing wintry weather and at the dead hours of night. All the business houses and offices were closed and the darkness and stillness of the night reigned supreme, save the gloomy light emitted from a distant lamp-post and the occasional footstep of a passenger in the distance going to his home. I kept following on behind till he came to a door on the right and took out a bunch of keys and unlocked it. As the door swung open and he struck a match, I looked into the room over his shoulders, and seeing a beautiful and well furnished room with great cases of large and elegant books, I thought to myself: "This cannot be a robber assuredly," and followed in. The room was warmed by a steam heater, before which sat a sofa on which he asked me to

be seated while he was turning on the steam. It seems he was careful not to turn on any more light than we could barely see about in the room and determine each other's forms. He instantly turned to me, grasped my hands, asked me to take off my overcoat, and then taking hold of it he tried to take it off, to which I reluctantly yielded and took it off myself. He then sat down by my side, squeezed my hand, fondled over my lap and made such advances which dumfounded me that a fellow youth should be guilty of.

"You are no man," I finally ejaculated, "but a female attired in men's clothing."

However, she was too refined and of too much self possession to further the object of her love, and was anxiously willing to go show me the way to the destined hotel. She again took the lead and led me about as mysteriously as we came, and ultimately took me into an office of a hotel, where the night clerk had me register, during which time she had gone out and disappeared in the darkness.

"Who was that young man who brought me in," I queried of the clerk, when I saw she had left.

"I cannot tell you, a stranger to me, cannot say I ever saw him before," was the answer.

Next day this strange maneuver was very impressive on my mind, and I enquired of a prominent citizen what it could have meant and who it could

have been. He said, from my account, it must have been a female detective, probably a member of the city police force, who allured me thither, thinking I suited the description of some one wanted, and had that way of determining marks of identification. Let this be as it may, it created a desire to know more of this thing of "secret service," whereof I read and heard before. So noticing an advertisement in a newspaper for young men to become members of the U. S. Detective Association located at Sacramento, California, I wrote for particulars; and afterwards sent money for badge and credentials. These were forwarded to me in my rounds.

Another incident, which had a bearing on the form of my pursuance, occurred during a trip buying horses. On this trip, I had a place as headquarters with two elderly persons, man and wife, apparently without children, in Southern Kansas, where I would turn my horses into pasture as I bought them and rest up generally. Owing to my young appearance, these people would call me Kid. Even, I found it to my success and agreeability to represent myself as one, buying horses for a company. And for the same reason I found that my checks were accepted with the greatest difficulty and trouble, so that I carried the money with me in paying the bills. I had two pocket-books made of thin though hard leather, which, when folded were in the

shape of whole shoe soles. In these, I would slip my bills, fold them up, and wear one in each shoe as inside shoe soles. In this way, after reckoning up the amount of bills, I would retire to an out-house or out-of-the-way place, get out the money and put it in my vest pocket, then return and pay them.

At this place one night, I was woke up by two men calling to stay all night.

"Yes," said the man of the house, " you know I never have refused to keep you; take your horses to the stable and I'll be out and assist you." Upon returning, he continued: "You will be obliged to sleep on the floor or get in bed with the Kid, we are short of bedsteads."

"We'll see to that alright, we'll make our own bed," they replied.

Immediately entering my room, they brought quilts, blankets and pillows and threw them on the floor beside my bed, then they pulled them under it and made their bed under mine, having the lamp burning very dim. All this time, I pretended to be asleep. Next morning, I was awakened early by one of them punching my bed up from below saying, "Oh, Kid! Kid! if you go out and feed our horses, I'll give you a quarter."

"Yes," I replied getting up, "I'll feed your horses." I did this willingly, as I had a curiosity in knowing what kind of people they were. The lady

of the house was already up preparing to get breakfast, presumably having had an understanding to get them off early. When I returned from feeding the horses, the men were up a washing. They were robust and bully looking kind of fellows with beard all over their faces, apparently had not shaved for weeks. I went to my room, and noticing one of the men's coats, I took a letter from a pocket and stuck it under something in the lower drawer of the bureau, in the room, being afraid to have it on my person in their presence. In the corner of the room, covered with blankets, was a sack containing, it looked to me like over a bushel of trinkets, having somewhat the appearance of ear corn. When they were taking this from the room, upon leaving, I asked them what it was. One replied that it was corn for the horses. The lady of the house had only gotten breakfast for the two men, who thus were off before the break of day. While I was still in the house, one of the men remaining behind went into the kitchen and asked the lady what she would charge them for the trouble they made her. She said that she never made charges for staying over night only, whereupon he reached in his pocket and pulled out a handful of silver and pitched it in her lap. I then followed along out to the stable where the rest were saddling up the horses.

Here, I noticed the other man asking the man of the house the amount of their bill; and when he said

nothing, the man threw a handful of coins over into the horse trough for him. The men, then I noticed, left their good hats and wore away some old slouchy ones, which I suppose they had gotten from the man of the house. I think this was in the year 1877 or about that time, as I must not have been over nineteen years old.

It is plain that these men were upon a retreat from a train or bank robbery, and that the sack of trinkets of which I spoke, was their booty. This was particularly plain to me after I read that letter. The letter was from another member of their gang written before the robbery and the address good only for a limited time. It was written in such a deceiving way that had I not gotten it as I did, one would have thought that it pertained merely to ordinary business. As soon as I had gotten my credentials from the U. S. Detective Association of Sacramento, and became a full-fledged detective, as I called it, I wrote in flourishing colors to the member of the gang whose address was given in the letter. I spoke of the singular way in which I had met two of the men one night in Kansas, and that I wanted to join them. I am now sure that the two men had been told by the man where I had seen them of my superior marksmanship, for I had done considerable shooting in his presence; which probably had its bearing in inspiring them with confidence and a desire to see me.

It was a reply from them I had now received, telling me where and when I should come, giving me the signal I should use in approaching them; and cautioning me to be by myself, otherwise I would not be admitted into their presence and would be in danger of my life. So it was in view of going abroad on my new mission that I went to Lawrence, to dispose of my rig. Now, the object of my joining the gang, primarily was the same as that of other detectives such as given by former newspaper accounts. Nevertheless, I was simultaneously prompted by that indomitable desire for adventure and experience spoken of before. This thing of "free and obligatory moral agency," to solve the problem of the consequent action and deeds of men, why some men should be evil doers and others doers of good, and their relation with reference to future punishments and rewards, was still on my mind. Also, other problems, such as the science of a free and permanent republic, were worrying me. Even like Archimedes, I was so absorbed in the study of my problems that I became nearly unheedful of everything else at times,—Archimedes unheedful of the storming of Syracuse and not aware of the dire event, I not always heedful of bringing criminals to justice and unmindful of my dangerous pursuance. And it was my ambition by virtue whereof I speak, to undergo, as I have, the experience of every profession whatsoever of man. In all these pro-

fessions, teaching school as well, I strove to be congenial in character and manners with others and not outdo myself, rather falling below them in brilliancy and aptitude. I remember once a man said I was the smartest fool he ever saw. By this he meant I knew so much outside of my profession.

CHAPTER VII.

"Me alegro verle a Vd," said one of the men approaching me, at our place of meeting, Vinita, Indian Territory, one who I had met up in Kansas.

"Me es igualmente agradable," I said the best I could. "Step over here, see if you know these boys," he continued.

It was about a mile or one and a half out on the north road, where it crossed a creek with a strip of timber on each side. I walked out one morning from town; and as I came near I saw several horses tied on the other side of the creek, a short distance in the timber on the east side of the road. To the best of my recollection it was a wet-weather creek and was dry; for I know instead of going around west by the turn of the road, I went over straight across, where to the north of me there was a glade of prairie with tall grass. To keep from getting wet with dew, I went around the edge to the east where the horses were. As I was approaching them, I gave the signal; when, in a moment's time, the boys came in sight. There were only three awaiting me —the two men I met in Kansas and a boyish-look-

ing kind of fellow who was slightly crippled. I will never forget the looks of the place, nor the queer feelings I had while walking out from town.

At this time all the country was on the outside and unfenced. After a hurried conversation, I found that they were anxious to be a going and that the agreement was for them to meet the other boys at a ranch in western Texas. In the course of time, I learned the situation, though mainly through observation and circumstantial happenings. In western Texas, it seems, they had a ranch as headquarters and refuge, while in Kansas they had a temporary pasture and headquarters to change horses during a raid. But only the company or full members of the gang had the advantage of this or knew about it. Upon planning a raid, they would mount their best steeds in Kansas ride leisurely and severally to their place of rendezvous, when after it, unless in cases inexpedient, race back, exchange horses, and course on to the southwest. In many raids, I learned that there were home-men in it, or men entirely alien to the knowledge of the true operation of the leaders.

Before meeting the boys at Vinita, I took my silver detective badge, on which was engraved U. S. Detective, and sewed it within two layers of leather of my sixshooter scabbard, having the loop for the belt made wide and cross over the place of the badge besides. My commission and papers of author-

ity, I put into my inside shoe-sole pocketbook and tacked it down to the other sole. The object in concealing my credentials on my person in this way was to have them in readiness in case I should be caught with the outlaws by officers or in case the opportunity should present itself to make an arrest.

"We have an extra horse along for you to ride," said one of the men; "but no saddle," he continued. They agreed for me to lead the horse over to town and buy me a saddle, which I did, also buying a 44 caliber Winchester. We always had our guns and six shooters shoot the same size cartridges. As soon as I returned, we took a branch road to the southwest, leaving Vinita to our left. Our equipages besides our guns, were mainly our slickers, few blankets, a pot and frying pan, a small sack of flour and a few other necessaries. During the day we always aimed to get a meal or two at some out of the way place or ranch, as we passed through the country, and cook only our breakfast in the morning, as invariably we rode late in the night and slept, as best expressed, in the wilderness. We were all dressed in cowboy style. We took the first night's lodging about three quarter's of a days ride southwest of Vinita. It was in a flat with a coarse and tall growth of grass and a few scattering bushes. We groped our way into the tall grass and staked and hobbled our horses; and then pressed down the grass, upon which we made our beds. The grass

appeared to be in little stools, which made our beds bumpy and hard. I remember one of the men turned over once and said, "our bed is equal to the bed of Euripides' Medea, hard enough to gall us." I thought to myself you are pretty well read up, though you either mistake family troubles for physical torture, or misconstrue it on purpose. I was awakened a number of times during the night by the clamor of the howling wolves about us and dismal outcries in the distance as by a panther.

But this nightly clamor of the coyotes, so common on the prairies of the southwest, shortly had no more effect on my sleep than the clamor of croaking frogs used to, so common in the country of my boyhood. Nearly all kinds of game abounded in this country—deer and turkeys in the timber, antelope on the prairies, and countless number of ducks on the lakes upon the plains. In the shinneries, as through Stonewall and Fisher Counties, I particularly remember noticing the little red deer in abundance, while along the caprocks and about the mesas into New Mexico, there were the blacktail deer. I do not think there was a day passed but what we did not have some kind of fresh meat and dryed collops of deer or antelope packed away among the chuck. Mavericks were also abundant many places through this country. Though whenever the boys relished beef, they did not fool about long looking for brands, but shot down the first one

that appeared to be fat. They would always skin off and destroy the brand, if any, then cut off the meat wanted, and leave the balance to the wolves; nevertheless, I have seen them burn the remains after sacking the meat. We were a week or more crossing the country to the ranch in western Texas on the plains. I found the country a monotony of grassy prairies interspersed with strips of timber, as along rivers and streams, till we arrived at the caprocks in Texas, where we came to a large expanse of elevated prairie, "the plains," dotted with a countless number of wet-weather lakes, and extending westward into New Mexico towards the rockies. This scenery of diversified landscapes, attended with other singularities, was very novel and romantic from the outset. Riding along one day, I remember, I thought to myself, what if my people, my father, sisters, and brothers, could behold this country and see me riding along in this garb with these men, what would they think!"

The ranch appears to have been in one man's name and several others having a controlling interest. The former seems to have assisted in planning raids but would not engage in them personally; while the latter executed the work. There appear to have been several more men connected with the gang originally, but who were killed in some raid. And there were more or less cowboys, at different times, working on the ranch, but who did not

always know the nature of things. The boys never fooled taking horses or cattle unless in herds; and they would never steal a horse or a rig, unless to get away on in case of an accident in a raid.

My experience with the boys was now one of perversions till I deserted them. Tediously serving on guard at night, and watching the sun to set from brush or cavern for the shades of night to shield us from observation was a common thing. Oh, how slow the celestial chronometers appeared in their operation! Little did I think when I studied astronomy in the days of my youth, that it would be a source of comfort in adversity. By degrees The Dipper moved in its apparent orbit around the star in the north, indicating the time of night as though by a clock.

"I wonder if this dipper with its handle moving around the north star did not put the first idea of a clock in the inventor's head, although taught by geography that it was modeled upon the rotation of the earth," I thought.

The Pleiades leisurely receded from the east to the west as the hours of night rolled by. The moon in its wane made its appearance a little later each night till entire darkness, save the faint radiance of constellations and other celestial orbs, overshadowed us. Upon whiling away the day in awaiting the approach of darkness, I many times formed great paths in the brush or caverns walking to and

fro gazing about.

On one trip, we went northwest on a round-up. It was off the caprocks near a mesa, not far from the old Ft. Smith and Santa Fe stage road. I think it was near the state line and on the side of New Mexico. We occupied the mesa as headquarters.

The top of the mesa was accesible by horseback or stock at one place, and the sides of which consisted of perpendicular walls of rock and precipices serving as a fence, thus forming a large enclosure of fine grazing land. But the source of water on top was limited to a seap spring, and water standing in cisterns or excavations in rocks, some of which looked as though they might have been dug out by the hands of man for this purpose. The rains in these parts were very infreqent so that the supply of water here was quite periodical—rarely ever getting over two good rains a year. During this trip we did not tarry as long on account of the supply of water, as otherwise we would have done. The principal water sources, then, in this arid country, were the head waters of the Pecos, Frio and Canadian and their tributaries, which stood in mere pools and frequently dried up altogether; and the scattering springs over the country known only to a few. At one part of the mesa, there was a gulch running off cutting apart all but a neck of land. Across this neck, one day, I made a fence with poles, some old pieces of wire and lariat ropes,

which enclosure then served as a corral for our saddle horses and also as a small pasture. A great part of my time, here, I put in guarding things and supplying the cook with game, as I was considered their best marksman. Besides, owing to a sprain and rheumatism in my left leg, when a boy, I sometimes became lamed after long rides, which I always made an objective point in order to avoid being pressed into service so much, and have more time for thought, reading and reflection. Many hours had I spent, in this way, on guard as a picket at some prominent point or peak with a Winchester in reach.

Many depredations throughout the country in those times, of which these very nightriders themselves were guilty, were laid on other parties. A number of times, I thought seriously of risking the consequences and divulge their plans more to the officers of the law than I did, but there was always some preventing impulse for which I could not account.

"Why did I not abide by my avowal?" I afterwards would think, "was it unsafe and it to be so; or, are these criminals not of sufficient import for me to risk life to dawdle away time over at such occasions?"

"There is other corruption viler than this; as corruption in government, robbing people of millions instead of mere thousands," I continued to

think, "besides they are serving to some extent as factors in developing the country in the wild west."

However, when reasonably safe, at opportune times, I would always divulge what I could to my constituents and officers of the law. And I am safe in saying that on account of my presence there was no more murder or depredations committed than had I not been with them; but if anything less, as my efforts were against it. It is for this reason that I now feel conscientious in my past actions.

These men, invariably, upon entering settlements, went into the best society, and were observant of good manners and conduct. They were not the crackbrains so commonly noticed in public gatherings, sitting and giggling and otherwise causing disturbances. I have known them, however, at several places, where they became disgusted with the misbehavior and impudence of certain ones at frolics to break them by shooting out the lights and producing a stampede generally. I always found them polite and attentive to women, and not guilty of insulting them unless they gave cause or sign of waywardness. But such a thing as bashfulness is something that was ever eradicated from within their existence. The use of intoxicating liquors rarely ever any of them took to; they only knew too well that one under the influence of liquor would not do in a trying time. But in gambling, bucking the tiger and the like, they ever indulged,

and were sources affording them the greatest pleasure. Among them were some of generous and noble dispositions. I knew them to divide up with the needy, and nearly always found them true to their word after agreements. To swearing, I might say, they were not addicted habitually, nor unthoughtedly; but rather at appropriate times, and to express meaning emphatically.

I noticed at this time in this country that men gained nothing by being too selfish and inhospitable. Men of this character, invariably, had their gates left open, sometimes fences torn down and stock let out or in, and put to other disadvantages; while those of a more generous and hospitable character gained friends and were treated accordingly.

Nothing uncommon to the customary routine in such pursuance occurred while I was with the gang, at least that would be in place to relate. I was arrested one time but this was separate and disconnected from affairs pertaining to them. It came about in this way:— I was ever keeping in touch with advertisements and accounts in scientific periodicals of new inventions, especially at this time in the shooting line; and had sent for an outfit of a new kind of gunpowder and other chemicals and attachments, to be expressed to San Antonio. Thereupon, I went to the city after them and do errands for the boys. I had my horse hitched back

of the Union depot, intending to inquire about the trains and get some railroad maps after going to the express office, and attend to other things. So with a small grip in one hand and the outfit of powder and things in a separate package, I started for the depot. Just before arriving, I came to a car side-tracked between it and where my horse was hitched. Into an open space at the end of the car I slipped the package to remain until I returned so as not to be so much in the way. But a police saw me leave it; and when I returned, two police had it open examining it, and I presume they thought I might be a dynamiter or something; at least they told me to consider myself under arrest and give account of myself at police headquarters. Arriving at headquarters, they sent for their chemist, and had me put in a cell. The cell was of massive rock walls and the door of heavy iron bars and contained nothing in the way of furniture but a respectable looking cot or lounge. For, I remember, I reclined on it looking over some papers, laughing to myself at their ignorance and the outcome. I suppose there never was a prisoner of any more uneasiness and unconcern during the time than I, for I knew nothing could be made out against me. Directly a turnkey called and said I was wanted in the office. Here the package was turned over to me by one of the officers laughingly, saying no charges are preferred against me.

CHAPTER VIII.

"We have decided that you hold the horses while we do the work. Keep them arranged our customary way, and now be up to your job."

This was addressed to me just before the last raid after which I abandoned the boys. It was up above in the upper country. The boys had gotten tired of the monotony of the west and for a change planned this raid in the north. In their last trip to the south, the boys rode mere cow-ponies, leaving their blooded steeds at their temporary quarters. Thereupon, in returning we went by railway and by different routes.

All mounted and equipped equestrian like, we rode in pairs in different directions and met under the shadow of night at the place of operation. The boys in returning to the horses after the work, did so in such confusion, and amid some shooting, that the horses became unmanageable, and one got away from me. It was the horse ridden by the boyish looking fellow whom I first met at Vinita. I took him up on the horse with me and dashed off, taking a road in a southern direction, hitting the ground, so to say, only in high places. We rode till day break in the morning when our horse became so

lamed that we had to leave him. We had now crossed a railroad track running east and west. The country here was rough; and was fenced off in big pastures, and seemingly thinly settled. We rode on over into the pasture aways, took the saddle and other things and placed them out of sight; and then taking our luncheon and arms, led the horse out into a glade where there was a density of grass and turned him free, first rubbing him down to avoid the appearance of having been freshly ridden. We now took it afoot westward through the country along the railroad track, just keeping in sight of the telegraph poles till sun-up. We then selected a suitable hollow of underbrush to lay over during the day and rest.

Strange thoughts here all day kept presenting themselves.

"I can arrest this fellow now with ease and march him to the station as a prisoner," I thought.

As a matter of generalship a day or so before the raid, I had called a landlord aside where I had taken a night's lodging and told him confidentially I was a detective and was expecting some crooked work to be done, and that I was on the lookout; but instead of my right name gave an assumed one. "All this, with my credentials as a detective and my prisoner in charge, would show up clever work I have done," I thought, "but is it just and prudent." "There is other corruption worse than

this, even in church as well as state I can find," I continued to think again. "Yes! there are lawmakers of our people who are selling their votes in the enactment of laws and otherwise perfidious to trust, which rob the people of millions; and which will affect the interests of the unborn for generations. These are the vilest of criminals! These are the men I would like to see brought to justice! Why then trifle with this fellow, this insignificant personage! Yea, I am after greater criminals; and besides out unveiling the mysteries of the world. I shall abandon this clique, and enter other fields of exploit." Also, some of the leaders of the gang having been killed, I was worked up over the idea that through certain intricacies I might be implicated myself and a reflection brought on the family, when I thought it best to abandon them and seek some seclusion. Thinking this, I arose and walked to and fro, developing plans secretly to myself what to do. My conclusion was to return to Texas. Before the coming of darkness, my chum had decided to look up our horse before dark and try to make use of him in going to the place appointed for meeting, after I told him I intended to get out of there on the train that night. At dusk, I walked up the railroad track until I came to a water tank, where I laid in wait for a west-bound train. Finally late at night one came along, which I explored and got on,

entering a car at the end which was loaded with machinery. I stayed with this car until after daylight in the morning, when I concluded there was no need of trucking along on an old freight any longer, I might as well take a passenger and be off.

"I am no refugee from justice that I should want no one to see me; I am no longer in company destined to lead to trouble; I have done nothing," I thought, "only acted the detective in investigating the condition of knavery in the southwest."

So the first town we entered and the train stopped, I left it, went to a barber shop, brushed up, thence to a hotel and got my breakfast. Here in my room, I took my detective credentials from my inside shoe-sole pocket-book and put them into my pocket; and extricated my detective badge from my cartridge belt, and thereafter wore it on the under side of my vest, which thus was unobserved while buttoned up. I now felt free and disconnected from any responsibility and reflection of the clique I deserted with the exception of one thing. I had left a letter from my father, with my right name and address in a budget which, through neglect, fell into possession of the fellow I had left. In case they were captured, I thought, this letter in charge of the authorities might be a reflection on my fair name before I could get a chance to explain.

Along about midday, I took a passenger train for a point in south-eastern Kansas, where I changed

cars for Texas, I think it was Cherryvale, Kansas. I arrived here a little after dark and went to a boarding house near the depot, which appeared to be newly built. At least that night they had a musical entertainment in the parlor and the landlord apologized to me for being cramped for room upon not having their house completed. And at an early hour in the night the landlord had them dismissed and turned the room over to me. But I was in no hurry, for their entertainment was highly interesting. I remember, I said audibly to myself, "One night I take lodging in a cavern amid a pack of howling coyotes, and next night in a parlor amid royalists?" The following day I took the train for Dallas, Texas. Here, wishing sometime to rest and reconsider my plans, I walked out about four miles southwest and took up board with a young man by the name of Combs. He was living on his father's farm and ranch, who was himself practicing law and living in Dallas. I gave my name to these people as Markham. While here, I took frequent walks over the pastures for recreation, especially across the Crockeral ranch to their Artesian well, and in the direction of Eagleford to the railroad. I told the young man and his wife, when I took up board with them, that I had been clerking in a store and wanted to be in the country awhile to recruit up. But just before leaving I showed the young man my detective badge

when he said he suspicioned that. From this place I took the train directly for Galveston for the express purpose of doing detective service among pirates and enter a seafaring life.

For some time, I knew that pirates were the scourge of the sea about the Sooloo Isles, and formerly the small islands of Tonquil and Balaquini; but I had now ascertained the probability of a band having their temporary haunts at Keywest, Keywest Island, a more convenient location. In view of this, I sailed for Keywest Island. Arriving here I worked several days at a tobacco factory to get acquainted with the boys and learn the nature of the town; thence I associated with fishermen and tradesmen some, and frequented places of resort, especially gambling joints, and in the meanwhile I posed as an engineer on a steamboat and enquired for a position. After a sojournment in this way less than a month, I secured a position as an engineer on a trading vessel on somewhat a mysterious mission, which however, only made the position more enviable.

"I need not remain in their service any length of time," I said to myself, "unless it is what I want."

But they proved to be smugglers and pirates and sailed as traders and fishermen merely as a means of disguise. Their vessel was modeled after the yachting kind and of a form intended rather for racing than for transportation. While it was

properly a steamboat, it was also provided with sails to assist in navigation when in want of extra speed, or to take the place of steam navigation in case of failure of the latter.

In number, at this place, the crew consisted of six persons, five men and a woman; the woman being claimed by the captain as his wife. Though at times very ignorant looking negro servants were employed by the crew.

From the fact that it is merely the history of myself, I am writing, expediency compels me in refraining from mentioning names.

Keywest, at this time, was only a town of ordinary size, supported by its tobacco factory and through virtue of its marine advantages. The most impressive of my recollections are, the cannons in plain view at a short distance on the hill, having pointed down at us from the fort as we passed up channel to the town, and a dingy looking little post-office building up in town with a myraid of names and figures cut and written on the upright posts supporting the porch, as though by a floating population who wished to leave tokens of their visits.

CHAPTER IX.

Everything arranged, one night about midnight the hoy went steaming out the northern harbor, headed for the north along the western coast of Florida.

The unintelligible orders to a beginner and the intermingling of strange cries and strange actions, so common among sailors, I at once noticed, were for the most part omitted by the crew. But all orders were given and executed in the simplest form and most silent methods. The true, hoarse boatswain call "A-a-all ha-a-a-nds! up Anchor, a-ho-oy!" was executed rather by gestures and signals than by words.

Upon leaving the island, under a peculiar impulse, I stepped on deck and viewed the surroundings. In the rear, the island was gradually disappearing from the dim and misty sky light; ahead rested the dark night shades of the sea emitting now and then an angry looking billow which surged forth with the vessel upon its bosom, giving to one a feeling as if his existence was melting within him; and on the right glimmered in the moonlight the

remains of a wrecked ship as we swept by. In the heavens The Dipper stood out in bold relief upon his apparent journey around the north star, indicative of a time after midnight hours; while the Pleiades twinkled like diamonds in the heavens to the west. Here, as I returned to duty, I again had the queerest feelings. Strange thoughts kept evolving, when the following verse of poetry came to my mind:

Night is the time to watch;
On the ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

"I am now with a gang of sea-robbers," I thought, "and if they should discover me a spy they could dispatch me without a moment's warning while on duty, and throw me overboard with as little concern as though a cur." "If on land," I thought, "I could spring from my captors into the brush and risk getting shot, but where could I here spring for safety? Into the sea, to a watery grave—that is all." Oh, my native country! O, my sister, my father, my brother! Will I ever see them again?" I thought.

But that irrepressible spirit of adventure and enterprise again arose, when I won my composure and new courage. "Discovering me a spy comes

before killing," I again thought, " and before it comes to that I have sense enough to find it out and be on my guard, when they must be able to handle guns better than I think they can. My dejection thus relieved by a rekindling of my spirits, I turned my thoughts to a survey of my conditions to avail myself of the best interests they afforded, as we passed on.

It was a bay on the western coast of Florida, they were under headway, the surrounding country of which having been sparsely settled, attended with now and then a town or village; thus well suited for an invasion of sea-robbers. This bay we reached in the fore-part of the night afterwards, as we laid over during the following day to avoid making ourselves any more conspicuous than we could help. At daylight in the morning orders were given to move shoreward to explore the coast for a landing place, secluded as much as possible, both from shore and from any vessel that might pass. So moving on slowly we shortly came to a slough-like channel which was more or less walled from observation by jungles of vegetation. Turning into the channel, we went as far as we could without stranding when the captain gave orders to anchor. Then, addressing me he said: "Let the steam die down now, but add a little fuel occasionally to hold fire; so it will not take long to fire up when we get

ready to start." He also added that after breakfast his other men would go on shore to explore the country and kill game, as this was a wilderness and game abounded; and that I could assist him at odd times fishing.

After breakfast, the four men with a Winchester apiece and well equipped with cartridges, struck off in a small boat for shore. This was a small boat they carried along in the vessel for that purpose. The day aboard the vessel was quietly passed—nothing to break the monotony of the surging and dashing waves against the hull, except an occasional sputter of fish.

Supper was early prepared and awaited the other men, who came in before dark, bringing along considerable game. Orders were here given me to get up steam to start promptly by twilight. So after a repast on fish caught during the day and other nourishments, and after darkness was beginning to environ us, we hove anchor, and the vessel again steamed northward—this time to reach their place of destination.

Nothing unusual occurred during this passage except all the crew but the pilot and myself, were constantly in secret council of conversation; at times so enthusiastic that they would burst forth with expressions not at all compatible to civility in the presence of a lady.

Arriving in the vicinity of a bay, couple miles

from a town, the captain gave orders to pilot towards the shore, when shortly he called for anchor. Here, he came to me and said in a calm tone: "All of us except my wife and her cousin are now going on shore on a short expedition, and the orders are these,—oil up the engine, then instead of the usual amount of steam have so much over (pointing to the index) promptly by two o'clock to-night, and ready in an instant's warning to pull out. If you fail to do this on time, your body will be riddled with bullets and cast into the sea. This is the law of our crew—remember." Then the four men pulled off towards shore in the hand boat, well armed with six shooters, and taking along a lock and chain.

The time in the darkness aboard the steamer passed slowly on, hours seemed ages. Two o'clock came and still no signs which bespoke of the return of the marauders. But observant to orders, promptly at the time the index pointed a little past the amount of steam and every thing was ready to steam forth at orders of the captain.

Soon, a shrill whistle in the direction of the shore broke the stillness of the night. It was a signal of the returning sea-men. Here, the captain's wife took a small whistle from her pocket and also gave a couple whifs indicative of our location aboard the steamer. Then, came pulling to the

vessel the four men in their hand boat with large budgets and sacks of treasures. After several speedy trips to the shore and return for the balance of their goods, the captain gave orders to pull out for the gulch in which we harbored the previous day.

"Throw wide open the throttle, let on all the steam, and put us through," he cried to me. "Steer us straight," he shouted to the pilot, "keep in deep water and stay clear of shoals."

On and over the bosom of the boisterous waters we glided, now striding down the declivity of a surging billow, then plunging through another with waters gushing by, over and around us, and submerged at times long enough to be suffocating—on and on we went, leaving behind us a foamy trailway as a token of the vessel's speed and good work of the propeller by its breaking the water into spray and foam; when ere the morning daylight, we steamed into our channel of destination. Here we anchored and took breakfast.

After breakfast, the captain turned to me and said: "You may take a Winchester, get into the boat, and go on shore and hunt, and kill us some fresh meat, if you wish. We will see to your duty on board to-day. As soon as we feel safe you will do, we will give you the ropes and have you as a member of our crew. Be back by four

o'clock or a little before, so as to be here in good season; will pull out promptly at dark."

Here, the captain handed over to me a gold watch and chain (for apparently they had plenty of them), saying, "take this, it will assist you in getting back on time." "But let me warn you," he continued, "when you return, do so by yourself, and should you make your appearance on shore in the presence of any one, or should cause it to be known that there are persons aboard a vessel here, we'll kill you on first sight—remember."

"Yes, but I beg your pardon," said I, "I would like at least a box of cartridges, for it will take a dozen shots for such a marksmen as I to hit something."

"Take all you want," said the captain, "for we've plenty."

It was but a short time till I had rowed to shore, locked my boat, and was skampering up the hill with my Winchester in hand. "Up on yonder sand hill under that palmetto I'll hasten and take a sleep and think of the times," I here said to myself as I went on.

Under this palmetto I laid down, and in a few minutes was fast asleep, for night before I never slept. Sleeping for some time, I was awakened by several large fowls, like eagles or condors hovering over and about me, as though they had about resolved to confiscate my person to their fancy.

Here, I grabbed up my Winchester, swung it around and fired a couple successive shots, when a bird of prey fell dead to the ground.

"There!" I cried, "I guess the next time you will let me sleep."

Laying down again, I slept until nearly midday, when I got up and wandered onward some further, when I ran across a flock of wild turkeys and charged on them, killing two choice ones. "Well," I now said, "I've all the game I can pack to my boat, I'll now gather up some targets and take a drill in markmanship." Here I gathered up small palmetto balls, pitched them into the air, and shot them into fragments before they fell to the ground. I then pitched pebbles into the air and turned them into dust by the bullets fired from my gun, and sometimes shooting three and four times at pieces before they would fall to the ground; such as I used to do after I returned to Texas among my friends, and such as struck the pirates with surprise when they learned of it.

I now sat under a shade tree and commenced thinking and conjecturing over the events, and condition of things. "Walton is the man," I thought, "it is no one but Brooks, or his alias; he suits the description outright. It is he! It is he!" I said to myself. "But those other fellows, who are they? They are somebody," I thought; "though I'm afraid they are experts, too shrewd

ever to have been caught up with. A set of artistic marauders of whom there is no clue, nor any reward even if captured. But this Brooks! There is no way to capture him unless getting him away from the other men, and how can I expect to get him out by himself until I win the confidence of the crew and get to be a member of the gang, as they are constantly watching and guarding me," I thought.

"And it looks too, as though this is not all the gang; for how could they have gotten such a cargo of things in a half night's time, had they not been assisted by men with whom they had previous understanding," I again thought. "But I must be returning towards my landing, or I will be late getting back with my luggage," I said to myself, as I got up and threw my turkeys with their legs tied together over one shoulder and my Winchester on the other and started off.

Tired, hungry and thirsty, I rowed to the vessel, first giving the usual signal of the peculiar whistle.

"Hello!" cried the captain, "you killed us some fowls, I see."

"Yes, I did succeed in killing a couple of turkeys, but you will not find many cartridges brought back over it though," said I.

"O, that is allright," said the captain, "I regard a few cartridges nothing compared to a pair of

such nice turkeys as these," taking them and lifting them up for the rest to see.

After an early supper, of which I partook with relish, the captain turned to me and spoke as follows: "Everything is ready to pull out, only we are awaiting the approach of darkness. You attend to the engine until ten o'clock, then you may have the balance of the night for sleep; some of us slept part of the day, so we will see to your duty. We shall sail blind and quite slow to-night and far seaward and beyond the regular passage way, so as to go by Keywest, and a couple of steamboats we must pass, unobserved. Havana is our next place of destination. Here we shall do some trading; expect to arrive there late to-morrow afternoon."

"A-a-ll ha-a-a-nds! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" cried the captain as the darkness was beginning to overshadow us in a tone that could be only heard on board the vessel and rather as a slur on the true call of a boatswain; when the propellers began a slow but powerful revolution that put the water around astir in a succession of undulations and gurgling whirlpools and sea foam as the vessel began moving towards the sea.

As the sun arose next morning, I awoke from my night's repose to find ourselves sailing southward at a point southwest of Keywest Island and

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northwest of Havana, about three-quarters of a day's sail from the latter city.

Shortly, going on duty again, the rest all but the pilot, indulged in card playing, and apparently gambling, as several of the men at different times got up and made the air ring with slurs and curses in expression of their feelings. Just before arriving in Havana, we met a vessel to whom they sold some fresh fish, which we had caught; also done some trading with them. The captain, here, took particular pains to inform them that while we were explorers, we also did some trading and made something in this way as we went along. Arriving at Havana and effecting a reception at the regular port as traders, the captain at once said to me: "I have nothing for you to do until to-morrow now, and you can consider yourself at leisure; but I will pay you for your time. You can now take in the city until noon to-morrow; then I demand your presence. And as you are a stranger in the city, Proell, which name I will give him, can go with you and show you about; he is also at leisure at the present," he continued. Here he pulled his hand from his pocket with a hand full of gold coins, and handed me several saying, "You may need money before you get back, take this; I'll charge it towards your wages."

At this juncture, Proell stepped forward and spoke in favorable terms for us to go to the city

together and take in the sights, which I accepted.

Walking away together from the vessel, I thought to myself: "Yes, I see through it all; you want my absence so you can get your goods from those rooms you kept locked, so as to keep me in suspense as much as possible; and now send Proell along to watch over me, that I will not prove false and report you—that is it."

Proell was evidently well acquainted in the city; for he well knew the way to the main part, and could readily inform me of the names and particulars of prominent structures and give explanation on things generally.

"That is an old cathedral," he said pointing to a large structure built of coarse grayish stone, "and is the building in which the remains of Columbus were deposited years ago."

Turning down a narrow avenue, apparently from American quarters, a well dressed female turned a corner and went tripping on ahead, when shortly she dropped a handkerchief.

"There!" says Proell, "the damsel dropped a handkerchief."

"Call her," says I.

"Oh, no," says Proell, "you don't understand, let's examine it first."

Here Proell picked it up, and turning down the corner, showed the number of her street and residence in plain figures.

"The meaning of this is," he said, "whoever finds this handkerchief in case it's lost, will be complimented for his courtesy if he returns it to the owner living at this place. Now, if we are greenhorns we'll call her; if we are up to the times we'll return it later on and receive the compliment; what do you say?" he continued.

"Suit yourself; live and learn is my motto," I said.

Taking another direction here we went to the suburbs of the city; then visited the principal places of resort—cafes and theaters.

"But these prisons, what do they want so many of them for, and when will we get to the suburbs?" I stopped and queried.

"Ho! you are in the suburbs now," replied Proell. "These are no prisons, this is the way they build their houses—the doors and windows defended by strong iron gratings," he continued.

Indeed, much of its style of architecture I found, belongs to the medieval period. Then we found the streets narrow, so narrow that two broad dray wagons could barely pass, and into some of which the sun can never shine, causing dampness the year around, especially during the rainy season. In consequence of these conditions, attended with filth, is there any wonder of the past existence of virulent cesspools for breeding such diseases as yellow fever.

Wandering about for a time, Proell jerked out

a gold watch swung to a beautiful chain with a diamond charm dangling at its end, and said, "It's now nine o'clock, we better be returning the handkerchief, hadn't we?"

"Yes," I said with a laugh. "If you expect to receive that compliment."

So turning in the direction of the street marked on the corner, we groped our way from lamp-post to lamp-post with tallow-candle lanterns suspended on each, and from corner to corner, till finally we reached the residence with the same number on the handkerchief showing clearly on the door from the light shining within.

Proell, taking the lead, he stepped to the door, and rang the bell. A tall, swarthy and stalwart appearing negro came to the door.

"Going along near Main street," said Proell, "we picked up a lady's handkerchief with number of street and residence; and thought we would call and return it."

"Yesher me hard the young lady speak of it," said the negro, as though with a mouth full of mush, "Ise tell her."

Here, the damsel came to the door and gave thanks in refined terms of eulogy for our kindness and civility; and ushered us into the parlor in the presence of an elderly lady and another younger one.

Although, everything looked neat and orderly,

and the surroundings inviting and pleasant, for reasons unknown (laying it somewhat to being among a strange people and in a strange country and city), I did not feel at ease; sensations of unpleasant feelings came rolling up from within me, as much as to say something was not right.

"What kind of an outfit is this?" I thought to myself, as one of the damsels was entertaining me with their albums, while the rest were bursting with acclamations of jollity on matters to themselves. Are they some relatives of this Proell, in whose domicile he's inveigled me, or what? And if so, what can this inveiglement be for?"

So, prompted by feelings of uneasiness, at a late hour, I pulled out my watch and turning to Proell said, as I arose, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Proell, if you are no better acquainted in the city as to finding a hotel for the night than I am, I consider it prudent to take our leave; or if it pleases your honor, of course, stay longer, but you must excuse me."

Here, the elderly female bursted forth with somewhat forced surprise, before I had the last word out of my mouth: "Why Monsieur! Hotel for the night? You are now in a boarding house, and feel assured that you can be as well provided for as in any hotel in the city, and too at a less cost! Be seated; stay here as well as any place!"

Somewhat struck with consternation, I again seated myself; whereupon Proell spoke and said:

"We shall stay with much pleasure. But Mr. Dooling," he continued, for this is the name I was then going under, "you must not go to abandon me or we'll be on terms that might not be well for our health."

"Yes, assuredly," said I, "not knowing the situation, I beg to apologise for my assertion."

Here, I thought to myself, as I pretended to feast my eyes over some relics on the table: "Strange maneuvers, but I see nothing else only reconcile myself and await results; for I see still plainer, now, that it has been premeditated between Proell and the crew, that he should not allow my escape from his accompaniment without a struggle."

All along, I noticed the females take sly glances at the stylish appearance and costly apparels of their guests, especially at Proell's valuable jewelry, as though to determine the probability of our financial possessions, which proved thereafter to be the case.

At an hour about midnight, the elderly female courteously impressed us of it being bed time, and that their colored servant would light us to our room. Owing to my feeling of uneasiness and Proell's apparent inclination for more familarity with one of the damsels, we consented rather reluctantly. As the negro servant lighted us through a narrow hallway to an ante-room beyond, I noticed the doors being of massive structure, evidently

intended for great strength, and for some special purpose; but never intimated that anything came under my observation, or that anything had happened which gave vent to my feelings. Shortly, lying in bed, I was seriously thinking over the mystified lodging place we had entered, when Proell spoke in a low tone and said: "Dooling, what do those heavy doors leading to our room mean? The doors to the other rooms are not of this kind. And those heavy window shutters, and that outside bolt to our door I noticed as we came in—what is this all for? And then, those damsels had a lacking in their sociability and conduct too. I tell you, the more I think over the matter, the more I'm convinced that we are to be unfavorably dealt with."

"I noticed all this," said I, "and it gave me feeling of uneasiness I can't explain, although I never said anything." Here, getting up and going to the door, I returned and said: "Yes, and the door is bolted on the outside now."

Proell, satisfied of this fact by seeing for himself, he said: "It's settled, we are into it. I wish the captain was with me, we would make it so uncomfortable for them, they would never have another chance for such a treacherous conduct."

"We must take things as they are," said I. "My remedy is to take some of the bedding and sleep on the floor under the bed. This will give us the advantage of being wakened before we are located

in case of intruders." Both acquiescing, with few spreads, we here made a bed and went to sleep to be woke up by some unwelcome visitors should indications prove to be correct; at the same time having a quilt on top of the bed with our coats folded and covered over to deceive them as much as possible upon their approach.

Sleeping unmolested until a late hour, we were suddenly awakened at the same time by a jolting of our pallet. Grabbing our six-shooters we watched from under the bed towards the door to discover the cause which awakened us, when to our astonishment, we saw the floor upon which we had our pallet was being pushed upwards. In an instant we understood the situation. There was a trap door in the floor under the bed through which the cut-throats were trying to force an entrance. Here, we quietly took a position in the corner of the opposite side of the room, six-shooters in hand, at the same time adjusting our clothing as we watched in the direction of the bed for the intruders. Presently, there peered from under the bed, the dusky negro seen before, armed with a cudgel in one hand and a large knife in the other, followed closely behind by the form of a female with a dark lantern. The negro was not more than standing erect with his eyes set on the bed, when a number of simultaneous shots rang out on the stillness of the night, when the negro fell dead on

the floor. The lantern being left lying close to the bed, owing to the confusion of the fleeing female, I picked it up and reflected the light down the trap door, when Proell rolled the dead negro off, who fell to the bottom with a thud.

"There," I ejaculated, "It's shallow enough for us to jump; now is the time for our escape." So saying, we both jumped down the trap door on a floor beneath, when Proell shot at several fleeing forms as we ran out through the open doors into the alley.

"I just shot the lamp out of her hands, as it is against my religion to kill any of the fairer sex," said Proell in a low tone, as we were leisurely gliding out of sight down the back alley.

Entering another alley, we stopped in the darkness and took a hurried consultation; when we concluded to pull for our vessel for protection, as we feared through misrepresentation of things, the authorities might give us trouble. Arriving at the vessel, though with some difficulty and fatigue at daylight, Proell gave his signal when the captain opened up, and in terms of irreligious tenor inquired what this meant. From the captain's action at first, it was apparent he thought that their man Dooling had given trouble; but it was only a moment until Proell had him understand the situation, when he bade us come in.

After breakfast, the captain turned and said,

"You must both not be seen in the city to-day, else you might cause us trouble; and besides change your clothing and appearance while aboard the steamer." I here took a side berth and devoted the forenoon to sleep and meditation. Several times I was awakened by a rumbling noise and slight oscillations of the vessel, when afterwards everything appeared to be quiet. From this, I inferred that the crew had just finished moving out their goods. At noon, I returned to the cabinet to find everything quiet, and no one present except the captain's wife and her cousin, the rest of the crew apparently were off on a secret mission. After taking dinner, the balance of the day, until the captain made his appearance, we busied ourselves viewing objects through a telescope.

Upon the captain's return, he ordered me to get up steam; saying we would pull to a place further west of the city, a more out of the way place.

In this harbor we tarried several days, after which the crew again pulled northward in quest of new fields for plunder and adventure.

Nothing of much note occurred while here in the harbor. Accompanied by one and two of the crew we were left in charge of the vessel from time to time while the rest were off on trips of secret missions.

CHAPTER X.

Saturday morning following, the sun rose and shone with unusual brilliancy, the air felt soft and sultry and a gentle sea breeze blew from the west, while the billows rolled smoothly forth and surged with monotony on the sides of the vessel. This was the morning we bid farewell to Spanish Havana and set sail to visit American soil.

But the beautiful morning did not last. It was but a short time after we set sail till a density of clouds began to environ us.

"The pleasant weather of the morning must have been a weather breeder," I remarked as I went on deck where the captain stood gazing abroad.

"Yes," said he, "and I wish we were back to shore; for I'd about as soon be in hades as out in the Gulf in a storm."

The clouds grew thicker and thicker, and the wind began to rage and the billows roll higher and higher! The surroundings looked wild! The very elements seemed at war with each other! The wind howled and moaned, and screamed, and the billows surged, splashed, and sputtered; and the inky clouds let down sheets of rain, and made the

sky blacker in its darkness. Ever and again a jagged gleam would split the heavens with a blinding flash, and would be followed by a rumbling crash that shook the very sea. Then the sky became dark again and the wind settled down with a dreary moan.

At times the vessel appeared to be sailing under water, as it were; of a sudden it would turn almost on its sides and then nearly on its ends, hurling us one way and then another over the floor.

But through it all, I knew I had to remain on duty by my engine at a risk of being shot as a coward and a traitor. The harder the wind would rage, and the higher and more terrific the billows would surge upon us only the more steam I would turn on to propel the vessel onward and keep it erect. While, at the same time, I won the confidence of the pilot, who steered according to my orders and instruction.

Finally the storm abating, the captain came to me and asked my hand.

"You acted with great presence of mind," he said, "and I heartily congratulate you. Had it not have been for your attendance to duty and judgment, no telling, the monsters of the sea might now be feeding on our bodies."

Jacksonville, Florida, was our next place of destination. This place we reached about three days later, having stopped a day at Key West for coal.

Arriving at the mouth of the St. John's river, I was astonished to find a party with a couple of tug boats awaiting us; one female in the party.

"What kind of a party is this," thought I, as they were greeting one another, and shaking hands. "Well, this explains the meaning of that letter I found and read, which I could not understand. A meeting effected through correspondence. Yes, I see through it now. But some of the men appear to be strangers to the crew. Oh, I see now; they are running the tug boats, and are merely hired by the two spokesmen (who are members of the gang) to do some transportation for them."

The St. John's river is too rocky from the coast to Jacksonville for navigation, hence their meeting the vessel on the coast with tug-boats.

From the tug-boats, they at once packed into the vessel, box after box, what afterwards proved to be different kinds of groceries. They also had several boxes of some kind of dry goods. As soon as the tug-boats were unloaded, two of the men together with the female boarded the vessel with the crew, when we set sail for the city of Savannah.

Before arriving at Savannah, the two strangers were set on shore in the hand boat, where they again made their disappearance. We then sailed up the river to the city. In a short time, here, the vessel was unloaded; the goods transferred to quarters, I knew not where. As soon as the vessel

was unloaded, the captain and his wife, her cousin, the strange female, and myself, under orders of the captain went steaming down the river towards the ocean, for a destination unknown to me at the time; Proell and two others being left behind. The female who just appeared among the crew, claimed to be a niece of the captain's wife.

Turning north at the mouth of the river Savannah, we passed a signal bell (a buoy in the form of a belfry with a bell suspended therein anchored to serve as a guide to navigators), whose unaccustomed doleful sound again rent my feelings. As one wave after another would jostle it heavenward, ding, a-ling, a-dinging, ding it would go.

"Oh, why am I living such a life!" I thought, "with my whereabouts unknown to my kindred." What can they think has become of me! O God! forgive me that I should thus desert my relatives. But this must be my lot. Ay, this is my nature, for how else could I be thus engaged! Why then not be cheerful! O, to God that I could cry; for better, I then might feel! But cry I cannot, the last tear I shed was at my mother's grave when an urchin.

The captain here approaching, I instantly banished every vestige of melancholy appearance and resumed my composure. For with the ability to control myself thus, was I specially gifted. Yes, although prostrated in feelings at times, while reflect-

ing on former social and domestic ties, when it came to the fulfillment of the pursuances peculiar to myself, such feelings would be suppressed by a rekindling of my spirits as matters of insignificance.

"We shall sail about a day northward to an old port formerly a slave port," said the captain, "where we will be at leisure for a time, and will give you a chance to join our crew and be a partner. Under those terms you are required to be on duty on the vessel no more than the rest of us—each one will take his turn in this, however do work to which we are best suited."

Pleased with the idea of winning the confidence of the gang, and with the probability of being with the man more I was trying to overshadow, I answered: "It goes; and I think you will not regret it after making me a member, for you will find me a wrestler."

It was not until the following day when we reached the place the captain had just mentioned. It was an out of the way place, and the coast not accessible with the vessel; thus having been obliged to anchor some distance from the shore. The surrounding was of romantic appearance, and well suited as a rendezvous for lawbreakers and refugees. Some distance off, though not in sight, there was a settlement.

"We'll go on shore and hunt the town and see what we can find," said the captain to me, as we got

up from the breakfast table next morning. Turning to the women he said: "We'll not be gone longer than noon or shortly thereafter. Be ready then, and if a rig can be gotten we'll take a ride in the country."

Taking along one Winchester and each a pistol, we pulled out for shore, when we struck off on foot. The captain introduced himself to the countrymen as a dealer in timber and lumber; stating that he expected to explore the country about for a week or so, and see what he can do in his line.

Procuring a rig, though with some difficulty, we rode out and took a lay of the country. On this trip the captain told me many of their secrets—the number of their gang, that he was native born but that the others were nearly all foreigners, what they were doing at Savannah, the time he expected them to return, etc.; and when they could initiate me as one of their number. He also told me that whether they were all under assumed names or not, he would advise me to take another name in case of any mishap.

About the time the captain had told the women he would return, we drove to shore in sight of the vessel, where we were hailed by a couple of the crew and carried on board in their hand-boat. After refreshments, the captain and the two women took their departure for a ride in the country, leaving me and his wife's cousin by ourselves.

"Oh, why is this man left alone with me not the man of the crew who suits the description of one in my rogues vocabulary?" thought I, as I took a newspaper and seated myself on deck in the breeze. "Was it he, I would arrest him in a minute, and hurry him to the authorities before he realized his situation. I'd give the crew a lesson they would not forget very soon! O, why is it not he!"

The captain and his two heroines returned late in the evening, when I and the man left with me took charge of the rig; the captain having made arrangements to use it for a week. Nothing but a monotony of the days proceedings occurred till the balance of the crew from Savannah returned, which was one night in the course of a few days after our last landing.

"I shall ride across the country to the cross-roads to pilot the boys in," said the captain in the afternoon, as he got up from a siesta, evidently taken in view of the trip. "You can look for us any time after two hours ride from dark; have supper ready," he continued when he took his leave.

Patiently waiting on board the vessel amid the darkness on the sea, a keen whistle was finally heard. "It is them," said one. "Yes, said my partner, when he alighted on his feet, took the boat and met them on the shore, leaving me on board the vessel with the females. It was but a short time until all the seafarers were on board, greeting one

another and telling their experiences.

After supper, the captain, confronting his fellow adventurers, reiterated the object for all collecting in—to initiate Dooling as a member of the crew, and devise plans to muster up a cargo of liquor from the hills.

"This is desperate swearing for an honest man to do," I thought once when I nearly lost my self possession during the initiation. "But this isn't binding among a company of cutthroats," I again thought after reflection.

It was only a short time thereafter and nearing the hour of mid-night, when the captain spoke and said: "The plans are now laid and agreed upon, so it is well to disperse in order that those who leave will not be seen by the countrymen in the morning and arouse suspicion. Dooling and Proell will remain with me, and at the time set we will all meet at the cross-roads."

"Dooling, to what will you change your name," continued the captain, "it is well for all to know this, so we make no mistake."

"I am not particular what name. Connard, I guess we can all remember well," said I.

"Yes," said the captain, "Connard, that will answer splendidly, Con for short is just the thing. All remember now, this is Con. Call him never by any other name."

The captain, his cousin, two women, Proell and

myself remained on board the vessel for the night, while the rest were set on shore to ride away in the darkness to places of rendezvous suited to their kind.

The day after, at dark, was the time set for our meeting at the cross-roads to take a trip into the hills after a caravan of wild-cat liquor. In the afternoon of this day, the captain arose from sleep and said: "Proell and Con get ready, for we must shortly be on our way to the hills. My cousin will stay with the women. We will all three go in the buggy until we get into the country a ways, then we will exchange our buggy for some good man's wagon with the understanding that we have some hauling to do about camp for a couple days. We can ride in a wagon and have a wagon to bring a load back in besides. You see?"

Well armed, we rode away in the buggy about the middle of the afternoon. It was after several trials that we succeeded in finding a farmer who had a wagon to spare. The exchange was made, when we were clattering along towards the cross-roads in a lumber wagon like some farmers on their way home from market. Coming to the cross-roads, the Captain stopped and said: "Well this is the place, but where are the boys; it is now getting dark, and at least a couple should be here." Saying this, he took a whistle from his pocket and gave couple

low whiffs, when the brush in from the road began to pop, and one of the men walked out.

"We heard the wagon coming," he said, "and thinking they were countrymen we went into the brush until they passed. Our horses are some distance from here hitched near an old road."

Directly all the marauders had gathered to our side.

"We made arrangements with the old man," said one, "to hustle us up couple wagons, and every thing is ready to load and pull out."

"We'll drive on slow to the bend," said the captain, and turning to the boys continued, "you get your horses and come along behind just in sight of us."

Coming to the bend and the road leading away from the main one to the distillery, the Captain spoke and said: "Proell, you are acquainted, you ride ahead and see that the way is clear; we don't want to come in contact with any of Uncle Sam's boys tonight." And turning to me he said, "Con, you go along and get the situation, then return at once to this place and guard the entrance while we arrange and load."

I went along and took a view of the premises and direction of neighboring distilleries, for there were probably as many as half a dozen at this time in these quarters. I then returned, when, affected by a kind of nervous impatience, I went on guard at

the entrance. The night was calm and mild and the moon and stars were shining brightly in the cloudless heavens. It was about midnight and everything in a state of quietude save the creak of insect and the occasional twitter of the nightingale, when I heard a noise up the road, as though of horses' hoofs, approaching. My heart leaped with joy, thinking they might be United States marshals or deputies on the alert; for I was getting tired of the ruse and perpetrations of the gang and in hopes of being the instrumentality to bring them to justice.

"If they are officers of the law," I thought, "I will divulge their plans and explain the situation, and we will bag the whole push without any trouble."

The noise kept approaching, and it was that of horses' hoofs. It was a squad from up the road approaching on horseback. Now I heard them talking. I groped my way near the road-side amid some brush and tall weeds, from which place I could see well and over-hear the conversation.

"She stuck to me like hot taffy to a knife blade," I made out one to say.

Directly they were in full view. It was plain at once that they were a company of roysterers on their return from a party. I let them pass by, when I again returned to the shade of the trees where I could better observe and hear and be least noticed. The rest of the night was passed in quietude until

the latter part when the lumbering of approaching wagons told of the coming of the smugglers with their liquor.

"We have enough to supply all Egypt," one said in a low tone as they lined up their wagons at the entrance where I was stationed.

Arriving at the steamer, the liquor was quietly rolled into the hold and all outside appearance of smuggling removed.

To cross the ocean to foreign lands was the next mission of the crew, not materially for the transportation and disposition of the liquor, I found, but in pursuance of new fields of exploit and plunder. Alexandria was our destination as I understood; and we were piloted to the south, skirting the Bermuda, Azores and other islands. At one of these islands the Captain took on some empty barrels, and with certain chemicals adulterated the pure liquor, converting it into different brands of whiskey, making as many as three barrels out of one. At every opportunity he would barter it with the natives or sell it, and generally at high profits; for I heard him remark at one time, "Getting it as we did, it is cheaper than stealing it."

Contention betwixt us had now commenced brewing for some time. It was not my nature to conceal indefinitely my feelings against their vocation. Remarks and actions were made on my part that was beginning to prove to them my unmistaken in-

sincerity to their cause. I could now see that they kept themselves so aloof from civilization, and displayed such ruse in their operations, that to try to form any compact with the officers of the law for their capture was useless. I therefore concluded to desert them at my first opportunity, having been satisfied with the adventure and experience in this line; but to do so without any altercation and in safety bore heavily upon my mind.

The opportunity finally presented itself. We were cruising along the coast of the Barbary States, when we were hailed by an approaching ship. Our crew appeared suspicious but responded. Rushing to the side of our vessel, they came on board and commenced a search. I saw that an encounter would follow. Whether our vessel was boarded by cruisers similar to that of our own and as pirates, or by whom, I know not. I knew my time for action had come. By the commencement of the battle, my mind was made up—my plans were matured. To equip a hand boat with necessaries, especially cartridges, and make my escape to shore, was the feat in which I was determined. It was "succeed or death." But no one knowing my intention, facilitated the task. In the midst of the encounter, I lowered a boat and rowed away from the opposite side of the enemy's vessel. I fought only in self defense and in executing my project, regardless of my own crew or the new enemy. I received only a flesh wound in my

left arm, but not severe enough to disable me. I knew the country ashore must be wild, and wherever inhabited, the people likely uncivilized.

"But what difference does this make," I thought, "its nothing more than what I was used to." I tarried along on and off the shore for some time, until I managed to take passage on a steamer going to Badagra, a town on the coast that was formerly known as the Slave Coast in Western Africa.

Before taking the steamer for Badagra, however, I wandered about the ruins of the old civilization. "I am not far from the land of pyramids and hieroglyphics, I will go thither for a bible lesson," I said.

"I wonder if Moses was not profited by this civilization in his law-giving like Mohammed by the bible in his Koran," I thought, as I stood before the pyramids bedecked with hieroglyphics.

"But had it not been for the wickedness of Joseph's brethren, how would Moses ever have gotten here, and this came to pass? An outcome of good from evil?" I again thought.

"And the management and putting into place these huge rocks, many of which thirty tons in weight, how was ever this performed?" I thought. "Were it not for similar rocks in the quarries I would think that they had been manufactured in an artistic way by transporting mortar instead of the rocks and then consolidating afterwards."

My passage to Badagra was a long and wearisome voyage, for the vessel was not first class; then I was probably over-anxious to hasten my distance from the perpetrators to whom I had been catering.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is like being born into a new world," I said to myself, as I stepped into the street in the morning after a good night's repose in the town of Badagra. The air was soft and mild, the morning clear, and the sun, which was nearly vertical, having passed the vertical line to the south, shone pleasantly; while zephyrs played among the leaves of the shady palmettos and papyrus where I stood. I walked for some time to and fro in the shade, musing on past events.

"I am no longer Dooling or Con," I thought, "and entirely aloof from a herd of cruisers; yes, a free citizen."

In taking passage on the steamer to Badagra, I again assumed the name of Markham, which I continued to bear at subsequent occasions in this country.

Conditions here had been influenced by the English, Dutch and French. Their presence seemed to be manifested more, however, as temporary traders. I was there only a few days, when I joined an expedition of native traders into the interior of

the country back of Badagra, known as Yoruba. I did this mainly in view of a relief from the strain of my previous and unusual experience, and recreation generally. On this expedition, I took a graphic account of the country—its physical features, seasons, minerals and soil, vegetation, animals, natives, etc., and upon which I lectured after returning to the United States.

One prominent feature of this country, I found, are mounds conical in form and terminating at the base to a near level as though they had been ground down by some mechanical device. They reminded me of some of the mesas off the caprocks in New Mexico.

It was during part of August and September that I was fortunate to be here; this being the best time for traveling in these parts, as the air is cool and there is but little rain; the dry season being too hot and frequently troublesome to find good water. Well equipped with fire arms, I had fine sport killing antelope, occasionally a buffalo and a leopard, wild cats, eagles, and small game, such as conies, squirrels, guinea fowls, partridges, quails and different kinds of ducks and pigeons. We also caught many fish, such as perch, catfish, gudgeons, and other strange kinds. Occasionally we had exciting times killing large snakes, often measuring twenty feet in length. These large snakes were the boa-constrictor and cobra de capello.

The towns of the natives, which, far apart, I found surrounded by clay walls in consequence of frequent wars in the past; to serve as defense against the intruders. All the inhabitants lived in these towns from whence they cultivated their adjoining fields. The chief towns that came under my observation were Awjaw, Ibadan, Ijaja, Offa, Ogbomoshaw, and Ejigbo, any one of which contained a population not less that 20,000. Their houses were of rude construction; the walls made of clay mortar, and the roofs thatched with grass. The houses of the King, Governor and Nobles differed only from the others in size. In features, the true Yorubas are typical negroes and distinguished by their low organism, their jaws being prognathous, their foreheads retreating, their faces larger than their hairy scalp, their constitution strong and vigorous, and are more capable of enduring fatigue and exposure to heat and the rains than foreigners. In their dress, they were simple and unconcerned. The females generally wore three wrappers, two from the waist downward, and one over the shoulders which was thrown off at will without exciting either thought or attention. The men wore different kinds of trousers, and some large flowing gowns and wrappers. However, accustomed to clothing as they are, they were still immodest, and had no feeling of disgust. While sauntering about, I found it common to be confronted by women dressed in na-

ture's simple attire, or probably met bathing along the wayside perfectly undisturbed by my presence. Although, women in the back-woods I generally found timid at my first appearance, being frightened at the figure of a white man when not accustomed to them, I have seen them bolt away from me into the brush with the greatest consternation.

Through the Yoruba interpreter, I found there were many prodigious exaggerations about the wild back-woods, endowing things with abnormal pecularities, so incredible that unless I saw it with my own eyes, I was slow to heed or take into account.

Returning again to Badagra from our expedition, I had no set plans. I was for any place except where I had been. Would I have met with a contrivance to sail upwards, I would have been as likely to have gone straight up as any place—any thing for new adventure and experience. But learning of a trading vessel to set sail for Cape Colony, I directed my attention southward. I had an interview with the Captain and paid him for my passage, which I thought to myself was only a small amount for that distance. The most I can recall to my memory concerning this vessel or what was on board, I remember an elderly man, although very active, on board with a few head of horses; and when we were nearing his place of destination he climbed up the top of the main mast of the vessel to look

for the place. The voyage was one very quiet and agreeable, the weather generally serene and pleasant, excepting high billows approaching Cape Colony. The most of my time I put in reading and musing over matters of interest on the shady part of the deck, and gazing about at the surging billows and in direction of the horizon. I was now without any library or any books myself, but I had some writing and accounts of interest that I always kept in a large cloth pocket worn under my top shirt in my bosom, which I ever was reconsidering and augmenting. There was not a book on board, I presume, that I did not peruse; although mostly in print not of my own language, I viewed the drawings and pictures, especially of scientific works.

The sun now shone all day from the north of us, which appeared strange to me that new and different ideas took origin in my mind astronomically. My mind reflected back over my former studies of astronomy and other scientific studies, thence forward to the incomprehensible.

We entered several ports along our route, and once or twice a couple of men, formerly from the States, took passage for places not distant. They carried on their conversation in English, and I learned that they had settled in these parts. Although attracted by their presence, I feared to be inquisitive, for as ever I sought to keep my identity

in seclusion; not that I felt any guilt of having done anything wrong, but for reasons not to jeopardize the object of my former resolutions. Even to disguise my nationality, instead of conversing in the language of my country, I done so in Dutch, trying as it was, for I had not practiced talking Dutch since my school days.

It was not till on this voyage that it ever entered my mind to circumnavigate the earth. The more I thought of it, the more possible and practical it appeared to me after wandering away thus far from America, until I formed a determination to do so and before arriving at Cape Town.

Finally, after a tedious voyage, we came to Cape Town amid a confused swarm of people, mostly English and Dutch. But I had no anxiety to linger here any longer than necessary, after learning that the British Government had recently proclaimed the annexation of the Transvaal to the British provinces and things not in a state of quietude.

CHAPTER XII.

"Circumnavigation of the earth," I thought to myself as I was walking to and fro on the upper deck enjoying the pleasant sea breeze of the evening, "is not this too great an undertaking?" "No, greater feats than this have I wrought, if I only think" came the response. "Why there is nothing in circumnavigating the earth but enter a steamboat, sit and read newspapers, and wait until it gets there." I again thought, "There is Melbourne, Auckland and Panama to sail to from Cape Town and thence to the States, that's all and one has gone the rounds."

Conceiving thus, I immediately began making arrangements for the voyage. "But what if my means should run out before I make the rounds in way of expenses and the necessary extravagance in that fandango society," came into my mind.

"Well, I will have to do as I used to when a school boy, fall back and peel potatoes or something to pay my fare," I again thought.

"But a passport," I thought to myself, "I must see about one of those."

"How can you expect to get a passport here and you claim to be an American citizen," said one apparently of authority, when another one speaking said, "Passports are nothing but a matter of formality anyway, and no longer obligatory; and many times serve only to discommode honest people and aid the flight of rogues."

In a short time I got off on a Melbourne steamer without but little delay, and we were again out at sea.

There was now no landing place until we came to Melbourne a distance of about three thousand miles from Cape Town. Off the shore a ways, the ship rolled heavy, as the sea was rough, at times the billows swelled tremendously and looked like mountains. The water leaped against the ship, curling and foaming with a loud roar, mingled with a sound of dashing and splashing.

"This is too boisterous, even to look out," I said one day as I walked back into the cabin and took a seat by a table upon which I noticed a deck of cards and dominoes. Having read and studied the greater part of the day my mind needed rest. I took up the cards and nodded to some half-breed native of these parts standing near by, who I noticed playing before to come and join me. Not able to talk his language, I dealt out a hand. He took it up approvingly by nodding his head, when a pantomine though interesting game of betting for the

treats and pastime commenced. This was a novelty to me, to entertain and be entertained intelligently in a game with one to whom I could not talk. Games of various kinds were thus continuously engaged in for pastime by some from time to time.

While we found the Atlantic off the coast of Cape Colony rough and the winds violent, still more in-sea and in the Indian ocean some times no winds blew for days; so that were it not for the steam, the ship could scarcely have moved with only its sails.

Henceforth, the same old monotony of sea voyage ensued until we came to Melbourne—the restless blue waters surging below and the azure sky beaming above, with now and then dark spots visible in the distance in our rear, some kind of sea monsters, attracted by our presence following us, as though trying to descry what kind of a monster we were trailing through their territory of abode. Then there were occasional coveys of sea birds hovering in the distance.

"What can possess yonder covey of sea birds to hover about those dark clouds?" I said inquiringly one day.

"Oh, those birds always follow up squalls and rain-clouds at sea for their drinking water," said an observer who seemed to be informed. "This is the way the sea-birds thousands of miles away from

shore get their drinking water; they get under those rain clouds and when the drops of rain form, drink their fill."

The noticeable sea-animals of these intertropical waters, during this voyage, were the sharks, sperm-whales, albacore, bonito, dolphin and flying-fish. Different species as with the animals of the land, I find have there geographical range. The right whale of the polar-seas, for instance, is confined to his own range, while those of the torrid zone are impassable to him.

In reaching Melbourne, I sailed first to Sydney, a distance of about six-hundred miles north from Melbourne, to take a steamer to Auckland. Here at Melbourne and Sydney, the same as at Cape Town, I met with a confused swarm of people, seemingly of all nationalities.

The main interest of the inhabitants, from general appearance, is centered in securing some form of union of the different colonies; though important improvements are going on, while the great inland wilderness is fast being turned into homes for civilized men. Melbourne is the capital of Victoria and Sydney the capital of Queensland, provinces which originally formed New South Wales, the name given to the country first occupied.

The wild animals peculiar to the inland wilderness, I learn, are kangaroo, dingo, echidna, and ornithorynchus; and some of the birds are the emu,

pigeons, birds of paradise, lyre bird, crimson dory and the cassowary.

This country also has plants and trees very distinct from that of other countries.

"What tree is that with leaves of bluish-green hue, and presenting their edges to the sun instead of their sides?" I said to a companion as I walked out for observation.

"That is the eucalyptus or gum-tree," he said, "which are of several hundred varieties, and grow probably to the loftiest trees in the world."

I understood some grew to be over four-hundred feet high. Then I noticed what they call the beef-wood trees. Instead of leaves, they have sheaths enclosing their branches, thus resembling in structure the "horsetail."

In the course of a short time, I was again off at sea sailing for Auckland, now entering the waters of the Pacific Ocean. From Sydney to Auckland is a distance of about thirteen-hundred miles, the way we went. One event of this voyage was that of being caught in a hurricane, which, however, proved not materially harmful; but rather only drove us onward in such speed as to cause uneasiness of mind.

Early during this voyage from Sydney, I began to feel rheumatic pains coming on in my left leg, the thigh of which I had fractured by a gun shot near the hip joint while in the States. By the time

we reached Auckland it became so swollen and painful that I was nearly entirely confined to my berth. At Auckland I received medical treatment, and after some delay, I set sail for Panama. By this time, I was able to shuffle about with the aid of a cane, but the hip joint has remained quite stiff ever since.

New Zealand, of which Auckland is the principal port, is probably unsurpassed by any country in the world for richness of soil, healthfulness of climate and grandeur of scenery. The inhabitants of Auckland I found in the main part of Polynesian characteristics. The wild animals and birds of the interior are about the same as those of Australia; unless the apteryx, a bird which is said to be peculiarly confined to this island, though very rare.

In leaving Auckland, the sun shone from the north; about midway between it and Panama, at noon, it shone from square above us; and after crossing the vertical line and from thence on, it kept receding to the south. In consequence of these variations, I was continually bewildered with reference to direction. But these things made new and different impressions on my mind.

"It is all for a purpose," I said—"the inclination of the earth's axis has an important bearing upon climate and seasons; these mighty waters yield of their abundance to refresh our lands; these wayward winds blow and the billows roll for similar

and definite reasons; and even the storm and hurricane have their functions."

During this voyage I witnessed a wonderful storm at night, which I will never forget. Having occurred at night, made it appear only the more dreadful. I think it was sometime before we reached the equatorial calms. I had taken my berth and retired, and commenced dozing with my mind musing over matters thought on during the day, when I was awakened by cries of my companions amid blinding flashes of lightning and deafening thunder, mingled with a splashing and roaring, attended with convulsive motions of the ship. Hastily dressing and looking out, I saw a sight wonderful to behold. Amid the furious rage of the storm, the elements were illuminated by incessant flashes of lightning, attended with rolling golden-edge clouds and sheets of rain, in which fish could be seen surging to and fro from the ocean, presenting a panorama as though actually sailing through the abode of fishes and wonders of submarine waters of the sea. Though some sick from fright, it was God's will that the ship be saved.

Arriving at Panama, I was obliged to cross the Isthmus to Colon by railway, a distance of twenty-eight miles.

"What thing is that yonder?" I said to an observer as the steamer was approaching the Isthmus.

"Oh, those are steam tugs awaiting our arrival

to land us and freight on the pier beyond, which extends into the bay," he said, "the bay being too shallow for steamers."

Colon and Panama were each the terminus of the railway, Panama on the west coast of the isthmus and Colon on the east.

"This is a magnificent bridge for this part of the world," said a passenger as we were crossing the Chagres river.

"Yes," was the reply, "it cost several hundred thousand dollars, and is over six hundred feet long, and about forty feet above the water."

The bridge was of iron. The isthmus is traversed through its entire length by a range of mountains several hundred feet above the level of the sea; from which streams flow into the Caribbean sea on the one side and the Pacific ocean on the other. Much of the surface, I found covered with dense forest. Conspicuous among the trees were the giant cedars and the palms. The climate is very hot on the coasts, but in the interior, relatively cool; although fevers prevail everywhere. The rainy season had just set in when I crossed the isthmus, and the blossoming trees and flowering vines began to present a scenery beautiful to behold. But very little of the country was in cultivation. Maize and rice were the principal grains. Cotton and indigo were plants native to the country, and grow spontaneously. The population of the capital, Pana-

ma, was some over ten thousand. The houses were mostly of stone, built in the Spanish style. The buildings of note were the cathedral, the churches, the cabildo, and the warehouses of the Panama railway. Public schools began to receive some encouragement.

The isthmus, I find, has derived its chief importance from its supposed facilities for the construction of the interoceanic canal.

Next comes my last voyage to the States to complete my circumnavigation of the earth. Instead of sailing for Galveston, from whence I started, I took passage in a steamer due directly for New York City, to the most thickly settled part of the country, as my intentions were now to lecture again; this time on my travels.

We stopped no place en route for New York except one, I think it was at Kingston, for coal. The distance from Colon to New York City is about two thousand, five hundred miles.

As we were a little north of the latitude of the Bermuda Islands I was on the upper deck walking to and fro in a triumphant air, murmuring audibly to myself, "This completes my circumnavigation of the earth, this is about the line I sailed eastward in the cruiser."

CHAPTER XIII.

It was now late in the spring of the year; I think it was the first of June when we entered the City of New York, for I remember remarks were made to this effect as it was unusually cool. Even people appeared on the streets in their overcoats.

Not having my lecture entirely in shape, I wished to withdraw to the country to some quiet place and finish it and practice. So I bought a ticket for Rahway, New Jersey, about fifty miles from New York city. Here I enquired for a private boarding place in the country and was directed to see Frank Bullman, running a truck farm between here and Elizabeth, out about three miles, who was then in town. Interviewing him, he said he thought the chances favorable, but for me to see his mother and wife first; and extended an invitation to go out with him, which I accepted. He and his wife, his mother and sister were living together. My wishes were cordially granted; and I think it took me two weeks to complete my first lecture and practice it sufficiently to deliver it. I introduced myself to Frank Bullman as Ferdinand Delaware,

under which name I lectured in those parts. In communicating with Frank since then, I learn a railroad has been put through there; and a depot has been erected nigh his house, and as near as I can infer about the place to which I used to retire to make the stump speeches to myself.

I lectured first at a place near there, I think the name was Willow Springs. The subject of my first lecture was, "The Wilds of Yoruba, Western Africa." Frank, his wife, mother and sister went with me. I was complimented very highly on my lecture, especially by Frank. I now had circulars struck, and lectured at different places in this vicinity. One place here, I remember, I lectured in the country where there was a crippled school teacher teaching, crippled in his spine and legs and going on crutches; and who followed me in my lecture in a flowery talk in my commendation. The house was full, but a greater number of them appeared to be pupils. Undoubtedly, some of those living will remember me by the crippled school teacher.

I made Mr. Bullman's my headquarters until I came to lecture too far away to be convenient to return. In Virginia, I wrote back to him that I concluded to go to Texas and enter the profession of teaching school, as I knew the opportunities were inviting in that country; and for him to keep my trunk and valise until I ordered them sent to me.

I enjoyed this lecturing tour well enough, and was meeting with good success; but was continually uneasy that being engaged in such a public pursuance I might run across some one who might recognize me and expose my whereabouts instead of being De La Ware, and be a reflection on the fair name of my people, before I could explain.

I now bought a ticket for McKinney, Collin Co., Texas. I knew where I was going, for I had been in those parts before, though under assumed names; and I knew that if any one would recognize me it would be under a name of this kind. So, remembering that for a couple of days, once, in this section of country, I bore the name "Waters" under good repute, I assumed the name of J. C. J. Waters, which name I retained and taught school under in this part of Texas. And as a matter of generalship, I entered in the Grannan Detective Agency as a detective under this name; so that, in case of any complication of names while teaching, I could show my credentials and vindicate a just position; and besides, probably again do work in this line. These credentials I still have in my possession to this day.

Now, after arriving at McKinney and remembering two elderly good people, W. E. Roberts and wife, living by themselves a couple of miles west of town, I concluded to walk out one morning and see if I could get board at this quiet place, and pre-

pare myself for the teachers' examination, and make it my headquarters until I procured a school. Mrs. Roberts was formerly the widow of Captain Johnson, who fell during the Confederate war. Although having passed through here once and stopped for a drink of water, I thought that they would not recognize me merely by this, though I was confident I could fix it up with them even if they did. Favorably impressed with my appearance, they said I could board with them with pleasure, as they were by themselves and lonesome anyway.

To those that are familiar with the surroundings at that time, it will not appear strange now that I should have taken up board around the turn of the road back of Wood Hills.

With the education I had, of course getting a certificate was a little matter. I still have a First Grade certificate of this time under the name of "Waters" in my possession. It was my ambition not wanting to teach more than one term at a place —to be with a new class of people and have a new set of pupils is what I was ever striving for.

While teaching in this part of Texas, I invariably made Mr. Roberts my headquarters until I taught the Roland school when I boarded with Mr. Wilmeth, and made that my headquarters for sometime thereafter.

After my school closed the following spring, and learning through my official documents of a man

about Anna, Texas, suiting the description of one wanted for murder, I went up there and took up board at Mr. Greer's to investigate.

I remained here about two weeks. Upon leaving, Mr. Greer turned and said to me: "Well, I don't know what you are up to, but I take you to be a detective; and you will always be known to us as the 'mysterious traveller.'" Mr. J. L. Greer, of McKinney, Texas, and Representative to the Legislature of Texas, was living with his brother at the time, and said he also remembered this man, and the name they had given him.

In the meanwhile, while I settled down teaching, I commenced writing a book on political government and capital and labor at my leisure, which took me four long years to complete, and not until I left Mr. Wilmeth's. I also wrote on religious matters but which I never revealed to any one. I had the political part published, mainly to review and present to my friends for criticism, for it seemed useless at this time for me to try to bring it before the people with much success under an assumed name. And my mind was full of romance, and I thought that the simple name "Waters" was not sufficiently adequate to have the book put out under as author. So, I had the book published as though written by a different person, and under the name "Straiho," as author. The only way I can account for manufacturing this name is in way of combining my

real name "Straugh" with the name "Strato," philosopher, with whom I understood my ancestors were related. But some of my friends said they thought I was the author of the book. So after going to Grayson County to teach school, for some reason, I assumed this name Straiho, saying that I was the author of the book and Straiho was my name, that Waters had been merely a name for detective purposes. I was re-examined for a teacher's certificate under this name, and received a First Class State Certificate of Texas. This name, Straiho, A. P. A. Straiho, I have retained ever since to this writing, and expect to retain it till I return again to the country of my boyhood.

Several times in life, I remember, using the same name with other persons for a purpose. This was the case under the name Waters, which confounded me with another person and a teacher by that name. Then for a time, I had a person employed in my place that looked like me, while I was away on other business. This first came about by some one taking me for that person.

My thoughts seemingly perturbed by writing on governmental affairs, attended with notions of going back home some time, I had a dream I will relate. I produce it with some hesitancy; though I feel that without it my history would not be complete, since these dreams seemed to have had more or less bearing therein.

I dreamt that I was present at dinner with an assembly of friends at my father's house, some of whom were very popular and eminent persons. Among them was the president of the United States, and several college professors. It appeared to me that the President was Abraham Lincoln, still he was a man not of his stature, for his looks is just as plain before me at this writing as though it had actually occurred and but an hour ago. I thought he was a small and slender like man with black hair, dark eyes, and of rather dark complexion; and while walking appeared to be of a squatty, bow-legged order of men. He was commonly dressed, and I thought the front part of one of the soles of his shoes was worn off so much that the forepart of his stocking foot was slightly visible. As I was standing up before some one talking, I thought he glanced over and saw his shoe, when he said audibly only to ourselves: "The old saying, 'the clothes isn't what makes the man,' is only too true." This was while we were all standing and sitting about waiting for dinner.

My father sat, I thought, on the same side of the table next to me on my left; and on the same side of the table, two or three persons down further still on the left of my father sat the President. The most attractive dish to me on the table was that of fish, pickerel, a fish so common in all the lakes of my native country. The fish, I thought was passed

from one to another on a platter which came to me last. I took out a large chunk, such as I used to, when I noticed there were only several more pieces left on the platter; and I thought to myself, I wonder if this is all of it.

Some time after this and after President Cleveland's second administration, I had another curious dream.

I dreamt that I was out with a party on a lake or bay duck-hunting. Among the party was one noticeably large and fleshy, and with whom I liked best to hunt and associate. One day some one said to me, "This is President Cleveland you are with," when I appeared to be surprised, and said: "Why this is not such a bad man!"

It may be thought that I am a constant dreamer but not that way. It is only at great intervals that I dream—sometimes not for months, and then generally in connection with something of serious import.

After teaching my first school in Texas and returning now and then to Mr. Roberts, and while there devoted to writing and study until midnight hours, the nature of which I revealed to no one, I noticed it caused the subject of much talk and expressions of opinions among the neighbors from the very first. And when I disclosed to them my shooting abilities, of which I speak in the ensuing chapter, it made it even worse. Although, what-

ever was said of me, was intended to be kept in the backgrounds, as I was at all times highly respected and treated nicely by everybody.

"Well, whose business is it what he has been or what he intends to be; he harms no one that I know of," Bob Roberts said once to a person, referring to me; "he pays his bills and always acts the gentleman."

Such mysterious maneuvers, and talk and expresions of opinions about me here and abroad nearly wherever I had been in those times, is the way this book came to be given the title, "The Mysterious Traveler," the appellation given me by Mr. Greer at Anna. During my time in these parts, I skipped a number of years at different times that I did not teach school.

It was now my ambition to get a partner of the fairer sex, and go to Seven Rivers, New Mexico, a country I had visited before, and settle down; investing what I had in a few cattle, let them grow to me and be supported from the increase (this having been a wild and open country suitable for a pursuance of this kind), and complete my writing on scientific subjects at my leisure. Having formed the acquaintance of a young orphan girl heretofore in my rounds, a recherche of exemplary character, above the average in intelligence, and of a romantic mind the same as myself; and knowing she had taken a fancy to me as I to her, I went and

laid before her my proposal, which she accepted, but in a way to be unknown to her nearest and ruling coterie at home. I found her one of nature's emblems ever true to her words and vows, morally and virtuously. The connubial ceremony was performed by a Mexican official. But ere long, owing to the change to the western unexperienced frontier life and lack of an ironclad constitution, she succumbed to the decree of fate and departed to the world without woe. Now left by myself and despondent, I again returned to Collin County, Texas.

After this, I never met with damsels that I thought were of a similar nature and ambition of myself, or in whom I had sufficient confidence to entrust my history. And to marry under an assumed name unknown to a spouse and under estrangement of my past history and future intentions, I thought might prove detrimental to my plans, and in the end be chances of an unhappy wedlock. For this reason, I have remained single since.

At this time, it so happened that an exceptionally intelligent old tramp came to Mr. Roberts and worked mainly for his board, giving his name as Stephens. Having imparted to me that he taught school in the Yankee States in his younger days and winning confidence and sympathy, I had a new suit of clothes expressed to him, and loaned him money to pay incidental expenses, which he was to pay back from the salary of the school I agreed to

help him get. He went before the board of examiners and received a first grade certificate; for he was a smart man, excepting the failing that was in the habit of dragging him into the wallow, which I had suspicioned and proved to be so in time, "enslaved to the indulgence of liquor." Through my influence he procured the school I taught the previous year. But before leaving, I made it convenient to overshadow him at times, as I claimed this as a part of my profession. Following him up one Sunday in the backwoods, at hearing distance, I noticed him instantly coming to a stop and jerk his coat. I was hid behind a tree and listened. He hung his coat upon a bush, then stepped back and addressed it thus: "What, Jack Johnson! Jack Johnson of Greenwood?" Then the wind whistled through the branches and what he said was indistinct, and I withdrew as quietly as I had approached him, and again went about other business.

Before he finished his school in the spring, he did so bad that the trustees expelled him; and he left. no one knew where. So, after his departure, I kept thinking of the expression he had made, "Jack Johnson! Jack Johnson of Greenwood!" What could it have meant? There was a man in the neighborhood by this name, Jack Johnson, the son of Captain Johnson and Mrs. Roberts, whom he did not like; but associating the name with the place Greenwood was the mystery. "This may be a refugee from jus-

tice," I said, "upon whom there is a heavy reward, and he has insulted me anyway, I will look him up."

Turning to an atlas, I found the nearest Greenwood was in Louisiana, sixteen miles west of Shreveport, to which place I departed. Entering the village, I took up board at a hotel run by a constable. I inquired of him about the man Stephens, giving his description, and about the man Jack Johnson.

"Stephens," he said, "there is no man by that name of the description you give in this country." "Now there is an old drunken fellow, of this description, gone a heap, and has given me some trouble in town, that stays out here in the country with a mulatto negro named Jack Johnson, when he is about," he continued.

"That's the man," I said, "Jack Johnson of Greenwood, that explains it, I'll give the gentlemen a call in the morning."

Behold! on the morning I found it was he, who had now as before, fallen so low that he was driven to the negroes to seek shelter. Finding him adjudged only with minor offenses, I dismissed him from my mind.

Feeling, now, like taking a novel form of recreation after this far abroad, I went back to the hotel for my lodging, and told the constable to tell the boys in his rounds I was a rifle-wing shot and could beat the town for fun or money; and for them to

meet me on the lawn back of the depot in the morning; in the meanwhile explaining that the targets would be tincans, snuff bottles, marbles etc., thrown into the air, one at a time, to be hit by bullets fired from a Winchester rifle before falling to the ground. I had with me a thirty-two caliber Winchester, which a number came and examined that night before the shooting in the morning.

Not wanting the man Stephens to be on the alert by the name Waters, under which he had known me in Collin County, I had assumed the name Adams under which name I did this shooting.

CHAPTER XIV.

"If you were a bad man and I had you to arrest, I'd never read the papers to you; I'd slip up and shoot you in the back," the constable said to me as he stepped up behind me and patted me on the shoulder, during the shooting contest and after a little halt of perforating with bullets, tin cans thrown in the air and turning brick-bats into dust before falling to the ground.

Another person turning to one just stepping up said: "This man can shoot the ball of a nat's heel off on the wing, and then shoot it out of existence before it can bat its eyes."

I now took advantage of the occasion, for my fun, by proposing to do something very unreasonable, when a man spoke and said, "any man who would risk a nickle against any amount after seeing the shooting you have done, would be a fool, no matter what you propose to do."

The shooting match here, in short, was of very much the same nature, and conducted under similar rules as the social match given at the end of my school at Roland which were published in the Mc-

Kinney Democrat, and which I reproduce in the latter part of this chapter. The shooting exhibition, as generally the case, was well attended; even a sprinkle of females turned out to see.

It was in a shooting exhibition of this kind after some public gathering that I had first met my spouse; and from which I had inferred that as her curiosity was aroused to see a romantic performance of this kind, her proclivities must be similar to mine in this respect.

I now went to Shreveport, and putting up several days at the City Hotel, I became acquainted with Jacob Hawse, Jr., whose father, Jacob Hawse, Sr. owned it; but lived out on his plantation, and with whom his son Jacob resided also. The young man learning of my sporting avocation at the time, invited me out to the plantation to hunt and fish with him. I accepted. They had a large cotton plantation and had at least fifty negro men employed working it, besides the women and children; thus affording the young man amply leisure to sport with me. The negro men were mostly married and living in log cabins about on the plantation. Here, I remained a month and did nothing but fish, hunt and shoot. There was not a day but what I did not average one hundred and fifty shots at mere flying targets, regardless of the shooting I did at game and still targets; for I had a curiosity in knowing what the constant practice of a month

would do after already being an expert. One form of shooting I did here in way of practice, I would take a sack of large over-cup acorns in the back of of the boat and throw them off a distance and shoot them while Mr. Hawse was rowing on the lake and down Papaw Bayou. I had a negro boy servant employed to reload cartridges for me, as this was cheaper; and have him gather up the empty snuff bottles and similar things among the negroes cabins for targets to shoot at while about the premises. Undoubtedly, there are negroes living in this neighborhood, who now remember me by their tin snuff boxes pitched in the air and my shooting them out of existence and scattering the snuff to the four winds. I went under the name of Adams at this plantation, and retained the name until I returned to Collin County to teach the Roland School. The Hawse plantation was sixteen miles from Shreveport, and Greenwood was their nearest village and post-office address.

The balance of time before I returned to teach the Roland School, I devoted nearly entirely to sporting with my Winchester. Hearing of a picnic near the Texas line, I think it was near Atlanta, Texas, I went over and entertained them by some shooting. I then went into Arkansas and hunted some and shot about. The title Bullet-proof Adam was here given me at some place; after which I had circulars struck representing me

under this title, some circulars of which I still have to this day. I gave several entertainments while over there, one of which I think was given on the public lawn at Goodhope.

During cotton picking time in the fall, I returned again and taught school at Roland, after which I gave an entertainment of marksmanship to my pupils and friends; since hearing of it, they wanted to see it themselves, to which I alluded before.

Now, I speak of these things, and reproduce the clippings not boastingly; but writing my history, I am obliged to do so, otherwise I could not give a true account of myself and whereabouts.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE McKINLEY DEMOCRAT.

Roland, Tex., March 16, 1891:—An entertainment was given by J. C. J. Waters, the Professor, on Friday of the last day of his school, comprising speeches, declamations and rehearsals attended with instrumental music; and in conclusion a display of his marksmanship. The music was given by Messrs. Charley Cox and Semour Brown. The form of the shooting given was as is indicated by the headings underneath.

RIFLE WING SHOOTING BY THE CROWD.

After introducing the shooting by throwing off several brick-bats and shattering them, and throwing up a tin can about the size of a small fist and shooting two holes through it before it fell to the ground showing how it was done, he had the crowd try their hand at it. The crowd, all who would, took two shots apiece and all together fired about one hundred shots. The crowd in all their shots, according to the rules made but one-tenth of a score, which was made by Vady Burkett, one of the scholars.

RIFLE WING SHOOTING AT FLYING BRICK-BATS WITH A PITCHER—ONE HUNDRED SHOTS—BY THE PROFESSOR.

The pitcher would throw up half and quarter brick-bats, some close by and others farther off, which he would shatter, one with the first shot, and then pick out some of the larger pieces and shoot and make dust out of them. This was all done so quick, that it was hard to tell just how many pieces he would hit. If he missed any of the main brick-bats I don't know it. He would shoot two, three and sometimes four times at different pieces before falling to the ground. Many times I could plainly see him hit the second shot and once or twice that

I know of, I saw him hit the third shot. A remarkable feature of the shooting was that he shot the one hundred shots in much less than two minutes time; having had three Winchesters and a man to load them. This may seem incredible, but will be plain when it is known that he can shoot three times a second. John Calahan, who was one of the men detailed to load the guns said he shot so fast at one time that he did not give the hammer time to fall down far enough to crack the cap and threw the cartridge out in place of a hull.

RIFLE-WING SHOOTING AT FLYING BRICK-BATS BY THROWING THEM IN THE AIR THEN TAKING A WINCHESTER AND SHOOTING THEM.

Under this kind of shooting, he done about the same as with a pitcher. Here he would also throw up small tin cans and shoot one and two and three holes through them before they would fall to the ground.

SHOOTING TIN CANS, BRICK-BATS ETC. WITHOUT SIGHT.

Here he would have tin cans and brick bats set away from him different distances and then poke the gun out before him about hip high and shoot them without sight. He would flip his gun from

one to the other and shoot wonderfully fast and rarely ever missed. He would shoot under cans without sight and knock them up and then throw his gun to his face and shoot them once and twice before they would hit the ground.

RIFLE-WING SHOOTING AT SMALL MARBLES, HICKORY NUTS, AND BULLETS THE SAME SIZE OF THE RIFLE BALL.

The judges pronounced him hitting four marbles out of six, two hickory nuts out of three and two bullets out of four. He says his misses were due to changing to substances of different velocities, and beside too sluggish muscles, due to confinement in the school room and shooting without practicing up before hand.

SHOOTING AT THREE STILL TARGETS WITH SIGHT.

Here he had three posts off fifty yards from where he was standing, and about fifteen yards apart, with a paper mark on each. He commenced at the left hand target and flipped his gun from one to the other and shot very fast, and with his own gun the first round didn't miss a mark, hitting them all center enough to make them fall to the ground. The marks were a little larger than a quarter or about that size.

SHOOTING AT THREE STILL TARGETS WITHOUT SIGHT.

On the same posts as before, he had three paper marks placed, and then shot without sight, poking the gun out in front of him the same as shooting without sight before. He shot this way one round at three marks, and brought two of the marks to the ground, having hit them center enough to make them fall, but missed one mark. This distance, shooting without sight was eighteen yards.

After this shooting with and without sight, he had some marks put up of the same size as before, for the best marksman of the crowd to try their hand. There were a number of shots shortly fired and a record taken, but there was no one in the crowd who made as good shots with sight as he had made without sight. Very likely there are some who will doubt the truth of this shooting, but it is something I have seen with my own eyes and this is the reason I write it. The judges appointed at the shooting were: Messrs. Tom Brown, Guss Wilson, J. K. Drury and myself, who together with other attendants, I am sure will bear me out in what I have said.

That he hit the two last marbles, and threw a bullet up the same size of the caliber of his rifle, himself, and then took his Winchester and drove it off the first shot, is enough to show that he can plug it to 'em when he wants to. He says when he first

struck Collin he was in good practice and could shoot anything in the air large enough to see, but at present is not quite so good as he did not keep up sufficient practice.

I wonder if he isn't the school teacher we read about out west that produced silence in the school room by taking out his gun and putting the bullets one after another through a knot hole.

Very truly,

HENRY MOORE.

I will also produce the rules of marksmanship we used here, and elsewhere generally, which are as follows:—

1. A pint tin can when pitched or thrown in the air by a pitcher or a trap shall count, when hit, one score; however, if so agreed to, any other material for targets may be used. A can or target half as large shall count two scores; one-third as large, three scores; one-fourth as large, four scores and so on.

2. Throwing or pitching a target in the air by a person, and then swing his gun around and shoot, pulling the trigger with the same hand he throws, shall count, when hit, three to one.

3. The size targets used, and the manner of pitching the target shall be optional with the person who

shoots. Only one trial shall be given to a shot—the person who fails to shoot when the target is up shall be marked a miss.

4. To make it less liable to practice deception, and to enable better to determine when the targets are hit, the contest shooting shall be within the range of twenty yards.

5. And to avoid trouble which might be caused by an attempt to use shot cartridges the judges shall first examine the cartridges and see that they are genuine bullet cartridges; and then one of them shall slip them into the magazine with his own hand; otherwise, buy them themselves.

A number of articles relative to my shooting in those times, I noticed in different newspapers, the clippings of which I never saved. Though after leaving Grayson County and becoming editor of the Texas Herald at Paris, Lamar County, Texas, and after assuming the name "Straiho," whereof I have spoken, an article appeared in the Daily Dinner Horn, a clipping of which I still have; and which I will also reproduce, since in this chapter I am indulging on this subject. It came about in this way: Here, as at other places, unless occasion or recreation demanded it, I never had anything to say about shooting or my marksmanship. So I had been at Paris nearly a year, I think, strictly attending to newspaper work, when one day, I overheard Mr. Fields telling the boys what kind of a marksman he

was. Turning to the gentleman I said: "Today is Saturday and we are at leisure, suppose we get several boxes of cartridges and a Winchester and retire to the fair grounds and take a round; if I beat, you pay for the cartridges, and if you beat, I pay for them; I can afford to pay for them for the fun there is in it."

He willingly accepted; but he had the cartridges to pay for. And in a day or so, the following article appeared in the Dinner Horn:—

CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT—THE EDITOR OF THE TEXAS HERALD OF THIS CITY ENTITLED TO THAT HONOR.

Few people would pick out from a crowd Mr. A. P. A. Straiho, editor and proprietor of the Herald, as a champion rifle shot, but the clever work of this gentleman in the past certainly entitles him to distinction in that capacity.

He shoots a Winchester rifle with unerring accuracy, never "draws a bead," but shoots from the hip. A gentleman who went out with Mr. Straiho a few days ago stated that the gentleman threw a small oyster can out in front of him and put two balls through it before it struck the ground, and immediately after he knocked it up into the air by putting a shot just beneath the can, then put another ball through the can before it struck the ground. Mr. Straiho then took from his pocket a handful of pecans, threw them in to the air one at a time and broke them with the balls from the rifle. He also

threw up a lead pencil and cut in half while in the air.

Mr. Straiho is a modest gentleman and has never made a display of his skill with the rifle, yet he is willing to meet all comers in a shooting contest for points only. The gentleman would undoubtedly prove a winner at a turkey shooting.

In Collin County, and under the name "Waters," I kept my marksmanship least secluded. But no one in the county, I think, saw me shoot a gun or heard me say the word, till the holidays during the time I was teaching at Bois' Darc. Here, a party of about a dozen wrung me into a shooting match to see who should pay for a turkey for Christmas dinner. Innocent appearing as I must have been, they of course thought I would have the turkey to pay for. But they were mistaken; they looked at one another and said, "Why that man's shot before."

In a couple of weeks after this one Saturday, having bought me a Winchester again, I went squirrel hunting with Jack Johnson when I stepped to a bois'darc tree, picked up apples, pitched them into the air and shot them in pieces before falling to the ground. Then I took some pecans from my pocket, I had picked up going along, and pitched them up one after another, and, as Jack had it, turned them into streaks of blue smoke. He told all this to his

neighbors upon returning, but they had their doubts about it. I also remember him telling that in coming to a dead pecan tree with six fox squirrels on it a sunning, that I had all their heads shot off before he thought of shooting; and did it so quick that I had the last one killed before the first one hit the ground. The next time I went hunting, I think it was with his son Dan, a pupil of mine, when I shot bois'darc apples, tin cap boxes, pecans, etc., thrown into the air in a similar way. After this, I always would step out and shoot for any one that wanted to see me; but would never say what I could do before hand; I would do the shooting and let them tell it. Undoubtedly, there are now scores all through this country that remember me by my shooting, variously known as "the Shooting School Teacher," and "Canada Jim," as at that time I had claimed to have come from Canada. After shooting in this way, and in public places some thereafter, I was asked repeatedly why I did not follow up annual fairs and shows and engage in prize shooting; that if they could shoot like I, they would do nothing but shoot. I can now answer truthfully. The reason was, I wanted to avoid being made too public, fearing people from my own country might meet up with me and recognize me; besides it was not the exhibition of marksmanship that I was out for, I had that as a means to other ends. And I never bet nor gambled, unless as a factor for similar reasons.

Sometimes, for certain purposes, on this account, I would go under more or less disguise. For instance, for a time as in Collin county, I wore my hair long, hanging down over my shoulders.

To become an expert rifle wing shot one must be quick motioned and of quick perception. He must be quick in judging distances of the moving objects, their velocities and direction of motion, and then must be quick in calculating, not only where to shoot to hit, but be able to shoot with a flash where he wants to, which takes an abundance of practice. Nevertheless, in the course of time, one becomes so accustomed to it that he is prompted involuntarily by a kind of instinct. The practice to become an expert rifle wing shot may be likened to the thumps on the keys of a piano to become an expert pianist, the different shots in the practice of rifle wing shooting corresponding to the thumps on the keys of a piano, only it may take a countless number more shots than thumps on the keys of a piano. By this kind of shooting, I do not mean to be able merely to hit tin cans hurled in the air or a fowl on the wing occasionally, but to hit anything, reasonably well, at any and all times, the same as an expert still rifle-shot would hit the same objects were they of equal distance and stationary.

It is primarily necessary, however, to have good eyes; and eyes above the average. I now begin to find that it is not only very straining on my eyes;

but that they are failing me; and it is my intention to quit this kind of shooting for mere sport as soon as I return home and shoot some in the presence of my relatives.

After my school at Roland, I continued to make Mr. H. F. Wilmeth's my headquarters during the time. I will never forget the kindness and respect with which I was treated while with the family; the family consisting of the parents, three little girls and two twin boys. I was now principally engaged in completing my book on political government and labor, and in the meanwhile lectured a few times. At this time I also made a trip to South America, when after a short sojournment I again returned to Texas.

In Grayson county, after teaching at Jameson, I run for County School Superintendent of Public Instruction, but was defeated. This is the only time I ever run for office, and did so then only for the sake of my friends. I now went to Lamar county and became editor and proprietor of the Texas Herald.

CHAPTER XV.

"Let me use your editorial ticket to make a trip, you have more tickets you can ride out before New Years," was a common expression by the boys near the time of the approaching holidays.

"Yes, but these tickets are very rigid, my description, even weight and complexion is entered in the back of the book, and stipulated that the conductor shall permit its use by no one else," I would say. "I'll get there with it just the same, let me try it, you'll be out nothing," would be the reply.

If accommodations of this kind, and access to free railway fare and complimentary tickets to theaters and shows myself, constituted a success in journalism my experience with the Texas Herald can be called successful. But to make it a success financially I found the work too confining and incompatible to my nature. In the profession of school work, the time before nine o'clock in the morning and after four in the afternoon, and Saturdays and Sundays, was mine to be devoted to other matters; but I found it not so in journalism. Then the itineracy connected with the latter made it more

suitable to me at the time. In the meanwhile, before taking charge of the Texas Herald, one month's editorship of the Bors' Darc Thorn of Sherman during the editor's absence, proved a schooling preparatory for the management of the Texas Herald at Paris. After eighteen months experience with this paper, I disposed of it. The Spanish-American war now brewing, the young proprietors contracting the war fever, shortly thereafter, I understand, merged the paper with some other journal elsewhere, and entered the services of Uncle Sam.

It was in the autumn of 1896, when I became editor and proprietor of this paper and in the spring of 1898 when I retired. It is not until now that I entered a career in which I can narrate the time of events accurately; only such as teaching several schools and shooting exhibitions mentioned heretofore.

The country in this section of Texas becoming too densely populated foi my fancy, I now went further west to resume the profession of teaching —to a country, as I said, similarly settled and developed as was this country when I first entered it.

"There is now Fisher County, not organized when I was through there before, must surely have a population by this time sufficient to require some schools; I will go there," I said, " and locate." Roby is the county seat, and the nearest railroad

point was Sweetwater in the next county south. Leaving Paris in June, I arrived at Sweetwater the latter part of the same month. The many prairie dogs, to which hitherto I had been accustomed, seemed to greet me on every side in the day, and the coyotes serenaded me at night, as though to make me feel welcome as in the times of yore.

At the time of my arrival, I think there were but six schools in the county, the principal school of which was at Roby, a school of about one hundred and thirty pupils and three teachers with the principal. After visiting with Mr. Philips, an acquaintance, who moved here from Lamar, I procured the Center Point School south of Roby, now Palava. I taught here six months, with an intermission, however, of six weeks during cotton picking time. During this intermission, I rode out the remaining editorial tickets still in my name. I first went to El Paso, thence south into Mexico, visiting the Casa Grande country and other places. However, the unique buildings, strange appearance and customs of the people, the peculiar construction of the arenas, etc., to which I had been accustomed, was no new thing to me.

After finishing the Center Point School, I procured the principalship of the High School at Roby, having three instructors as my assistants and one teacher of instrumental music. At the close of this school, I straightway taught a school

at Dorras in this county, and in the meanwhile assisted in the publication of a newspaper temporarily published at Roby.

While in this county, I took a number of recreation trips, hunting and fishing with different parties —with the County Treasurer, J. R. Reed, up and down the Concho; with the Landlord, G. S. Roberts, to the San Saba (when I made my headquarters at Manardville about a month), and with Paul Fisher to Southwestern Texas and Southern New Mexico.

Matters relative to the country of my boyhood now began to worry me.

"Will I ever return home and make myself known, or will I live in oblivion forever," I said. "I am now far past my 'teens and getting up in years, and if I ever intend to return, it is beginning to be time."

"I will bid adieu to this country," I finally concluded, "and go west to the haunts of my youth, locate, recruit up and think it over."

So strapping a roll of bedding on my buggy, stockman style, with necessary camping utensils, I started for the country along the caprocks south and west of Liberty (now Tucumcari), New Mexico.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Here is one of the haunts during my youth in the wild west," I said to myself as I was sauntering along leisurely to and fro looking thither from the caprocks.

"Here I am again, after so long a time," I murmured, "but not with a mission as in days gone by—no, but to look for a location and meditate upon these pinnacles (mesas) over my destiny."

After several days rambling about and meditation, I concluded to return to the Would-be Mesa, south and east of Liberty, and now south of Endee, and look around. We had called this Would-be Mesa, because it is a mountain connected by a narrow neck of land with the plains; and if not protected from corrosion by the weather and rains, in the course of time, it would be washed away and the mesa stand out by itself like, for instance, Soldiers, Mesa in New Mexico and Double Mts. in Stonewall county, Texas.

This mesa has a surface of over a section of land, which is quite level, covered with a beautiful shrubbery of cedars and pinons, and a soil similar to that of the plains.

Standing on the topmost part, my eyes feasted on the flats below. "Yonder is Soldier's Mesa," I said, "which they now call Tucumcari Mountain, the great guide post of the adventurers of the past."

But there are few houses I can see dimly in the distance and tanks of water, and there to the east stands a lonely windmill. "What does this mean?" There were no houses yonder when we were here before—nothing but a Mexican hut or two between the Texas line and Liberty.

"Yea, some settlers since then, have located here." "I will drive around by these people's houses," I continued, "and see what kind of people they are."

So doing, I found the ranches of Messrs. Crabtree, Aston, Byrd, Elkins and Claybrooks. Finding them a clever set of people, and favorably impressed with the country for ranching purposes, especially with the plains to the south, all open, wild and unsettled, I concluded to locate here myself.

"I will locate on top of the plains near this windmill where I can get water," I said, "and at my convenience buy the windmill and location, and sometime have all this, inclusive of the mesa, for a ranch."

But by the time I had a shack built, cistern dug and pasture fenced, a gentleman from abroad filed on the watering place for himself, which frustrated my plans. I then went below my location in the edge of the flats and dug a well and built a cottage,

retaining my former location for a pasture. I first taught out a school, however, at Dimmitt, the county seat of Castro County, Texas, which I had contracted to teach. Here I employed W. R. Jernigan to go with me to help improve and build. But owing to the need of medical treatment for his wife, he became alarmed upon being in this lonely country and so far away from physicians that he asked to leave, which I granted. After this I procured assistance as I could.

"But I must be observant of an occupation," I said after a time, "and get acquainted with the neighbors, however distant, besides, it would likely cause an unfavorable impression to live in too much seclusion."

So saying, I procured two schools of two months each, fifty miles west of my location, the schools having been at Quay and Dodson, seven miles apart, which I taught in succession. The following year I procured the school in the nearest settlement, Old Endee, ten miles north of me. In teaching this school, I went from home the greatest part of the time, going in a buggy every morning and evening, as distance in the west has ever been of little concern.

In the days of my boyhood, I remember the county seat was eight miles from our village, which town my people frequented. To go there and back was considered a big day's drive. Here, it would

only be around the turn of the road and a drive before breakfast. Then I remember there was Lima, twenty-five miles west of us, people went occasionally. They would talk about it for weeks, and get up at midnight to make preparations for the trip the following day. Here, people drive it before noon in the morning and never think about it either before or after.

Old Endee, which sprang up since my first visit, is a place of some history, but bears a harder name than it deserves. Like many other frontier places of the past, it had its saloons, and in consequence it brawls and shooting affrays. On each side of the arroyo, in sight of the school house door, are now the graves of men killed in this way. The graves of two men are alongside the play-ground. upon which tomb rocks the boys and girls thoughtlessly recline and rest after their rounds. For all this, and for all that there is thus far no church organization nor ever any preaching, the permanent residents of this locality are a class of substantial and upright citizens. I have a number of times thought: "Yea, there is more genuine christianity among these people without preachers than many places with them, where I have been." By this it is not intended any intimation against the christian religion, but rather an arraignment against hypocrisy.

And with reference to the school, I can say the

pupils are an obedient and social set of children, I believe, as I ever taught.

About this time, shortly after my school ended, I had a wonderful dream, thinking I had returned home to my native village on a scout.

Let the dream amount to what it may, it made me feel melancholy the following day; and had a tendency to make me curious about the condition at home, and hasten me in my arrangements.

I now disposed of my upper and lower places to make a definite decision, which I did, such as given in the introduction.

While this location I had chosen is not by far the most romantic of places, I fancied it since it is fronted to the south by the great plains, affording a healthy climate, fertile soil, plenty of fuel, and good roads to travel to market or for pleasure; and as the country develops will be adapted to nearly any calling or profession.

What else could I do now, but come to a conclusion to return home, or go to parts unknown; for as far as experience was concerned I had sufficient. My mind had become settled conscientiously on religious matters, governmental affairs, the problem between capital and labor, and things of minor import.

To which once alluded, it was not long during my search till I had found that for a man to be suc-

cessful financially, he must pursue a different course to that of endeavoring to bring about reforms or to revolutionize the world. Also to the contrary, I discovered that there was a great law governing ultimate success financially with reference to the nature of investments or business pursuances. I noticed that thieves and robbers invariably never meet with lasting success financially or that some misfortune or ill luck befell them in the end.

But I kept noticing avocations of life financially in the various forms as they present themselves, and studied them. For instance, during my travel over the unsettled lands of the southwest, I said, were it a good and honest investment and money I was after, I would here homestead several sections of land and let stock grow to me from these immense scopes of fine grass. But good investments and property was no inducement, nothing could turn my mind from my original course. Then other investments and opportunities of a lawful nature, and apparently most successful financially, though not honest and just, presented themselves. These were lawful establishments and organizations of a nature to become enriched by special privileges at the expense of others.

"I'll never make an investment of this kind," I said, "nor be an accomplice or employee for wages, for I believe there is more honor in the sight

of God to be a brave out-law and be enriched from the dishonest rich than to become enriched by being a lawful robber of the poor."

That thieves and robbers do not meet with lasting success financially, I finally solved in this way:

That to engage in a pursuance of this kind was demoralizing to the faculties necessary to conduct a profitable business, or in other words the faculties of the brain necessary to conduct a self sustaining business and essential to man lay dormant and undeveloped, while those propensities akin to the brute creation are mostly developed; so that in the course of time misspeculations and misfortunes are the consequence. Then along with this goes not only the misfortunes attending prosecutions for the violation of the law of the country, but the draw back and probably retaliation in consequence of the ill-will and distrust of neighbors.

In a similar way, thefts and robberies on a large scale and those of a national character must be regarded, only the consequences are longer in terminating, and the effects then much greater. The misfortunes and evil effects, especially when of a national character, may even fall on the heirs of unborn generations.

Many times have I thought of the bible where it says: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you."

It seemed by this that any individual or collec-

tion of individuals depending on unfair and unrighteous devices for support and not in a way of rendering services to fellow men, are upon the decline, and in the course of time become so demoralized that calamity follows. The presence of this principle we can even trace into the lowest kingdom. In chemicals, where the atoms and molecules are ineffectual in doing their part as forces towards existence, chemical affinity prevails; and combustion and destruction is the consequence. So on down the scale until we come to individuals forming nations, if the system of government is of a demoralizing nature, eventually it saps the life-blood from the masses, and a catastrophe is the consequence; but out of the chaos will evolve a system grander, nobler and more beneficial to the people.

Yea, this world of ours is a chemical one, of which I have many times thought. Truth, honesty and justice is power, gravity and endurance; while falsehood, dishonesty and injustice is corrosion, degradation and death. I many times think how true the expression in the bible: "The wages of sin is death."

By "chemical world" I mean a oneness of law not dissimilar to chemicals with reference to preternatural occurrences and mythology, and analogous thereto in cause and effect.

Referring to the faculties of the brain necessary

to conduct a self-sustaining and profitable business laying dormant and undeveloped unless exercised, I will say that I have many times thought of myself in this respect.

After returning to the states, it seemed that my efforts in various pursuances continually met with draw-backs; although experience having been my object in view, regardless of income. While in the stock business, for instance, I believe I was in the saddle longer, worried myself more in recovering strays, worked harder and longer at night and stormy weather, and had more patience than other men; yet it seemed I could not meet with the success others did. In Paris, in the newspaper business, I believe, I worked harder, sweated more standing up correcting and making up forms, set up later at night writing, and lost more sleep than any other newspaper man living; yet it seemed that I could not meet with financial success.

The same until the present time when I have been engaged on a lighter scale in connection with teaching school, I try to work to an advantage and save money, but it seems I cannot meet with the success I should, or with the success my father did with the same efforts.

Nevetheless, in the past during sober reflections relative to certain unavoidable happenings, my conscience smote me, when I righted wrong by sending money to parties damaged as I earned it, which

was a drainage on my income. Undoubtedly the reader heard of instances of this kind where persons received money or its equal, not knowing by whom it was sent nor for what purpose.

But I have now made arrangements to return home on a scout. Yes, I am now ready to start.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Angola! Angola!" the conductor finally called out as we were nearing another station.

"This is the county seat of the county of my childhood, and only eight miles from the village, Fremont, the place of my birth," I thought, "Oh, how curious and sad I feel. I will sit by the window and look over the passengers for up the road as they approach the train, and see if I can recognize any one."

"That man looks like one of the Michaels used to," I sighed, "and this man here some one called Scott. Can this be Duane Scott, a former school mate of mine, I wonder, who has grown out of my recognition?

But what if they should know me, what would I do? I am not ready for this."

Here I went to the rear, got off unobserved, and layed over till morning.

Walking up town to the Hendry House, I observed that the town, which was nothing but a little backwoods county seat when I left, had now grown to be a metropolis with its electric lights, telephones, water works, street cars and towering steeples; and inhabited by a population of total strangers.

In the morning, refreshed by a change of climate and diet, I directed my course northward in a livery rig—this time for Fremont, the place of my birth, and to me the seat of wonderment.

"Only eight miles, about an hour's drive, and I will be there," I said as I left town and was looking abroad while the team was speeding away.

Now we are near where Mr. Dunkle used to live, but I will take an indirect route and avoid so much travel on the county road. I will turn to my right and enter the village from the southeast.

"Yonder used to be all timber land," I murmured, "but now all is under cultivation. And these wire fences were not here when I left, but rail fences in their stead. The people had never seen such a thing; they were entirely confined to the wild prairies of the west."

But I am nearly to the village. Oh, how I tremble and how melancholy I feel. Yes, yonder is the town. What a change, houses every place! What else could I expect after these many years—twenty-seven long years.

Here used to be the dingy dwellings of Sam Wolfe, but now there stands elegant buildings on each side of the road. And this used to be the farm of Joe Bricker, but the old buildings have been displaced with a new dwelling and large frame barn sufficiently elegant to do credit to the country about a metropolis.

Ah! here is the railroad, but nothing looks natural. There was but one house on the east side; now the street is lined with buildings.

Between here and the village there was only a single house, now I see them in every direction.

Here is where the Evangelical church used to stand. Yes, there are some of the maple trees, that used to be on the west side, though so much larger, which I used to look at with weariness and monotony through the window during the long sermons at services; but now there is a new and larger building in place of the old one.

I will now turn south and see if I can find the house where we used to live. Yes, yonder is a house that looks like the one of my father did. Indeed, there are the high steps on the north adjoining the porch, and the large oak tree which used to stand on the opposite side of the road to the north and in front of Mr. Merven's is still there, and also the houses of the widow Shupp and Mr. Dewey on the opposite corners to the east, which still look natural. Yes, unmistakably, this is the old home.

But alas! Am I like the prodigal son returning to my father's house? No, not like he; for I never received my portion, nor spent it in riotous living, but made the rounds through my own exertion.

Ay! I will drive by and see if there is any sign of life. Yonder by the stable, a woman is crossing the street. See! she is an elderly lady, with grey hair. What! can this be my sister, who after these many

years of cares over the household and worry over her youngest brother, has grown grey? O, to God that I should have been such a deserter and wayfarer!

But I see no signs of my father! Where can he be? Oh, where can be my dear father! But I must not call aloud; for if still alive, he is old and feeble. No, I must not impart the knowledge of my return to them abruptly, the shock would be too depressive. But I will drive on for I feel so dejected in hope and spirit. Yes, I will drive away and shed tears, for I feel them thick and heavy within the lids of my eyes, and my spirits may then again brighten.

But here is a new lane turning south! I will turn in, and drive around back of the village grave yard.

Yes, here it is. Oh, the idea of entering makes me feel so sad, for I know I will find the remains of near relatives embosomed, who have died during my absence.

I will first go to the place where my mother was buried. But her tomb is no more. What can this mean. There are other and more elegant tombs in its place! Who can be buried here? I will get closer and read the inscription.

Frederick Straw, died February 12, 1893.

My father! my father!! O my God! my God!! Can it be that he has been dead these twelve years and I shall never see his face again!

But what else could I expect after remaining away for a generation. Oh, could I but once more enjoy the blessing of his presence.

I will recline upon the grave and weep.

O, my God! what grave could contain such a father and mother. What sepulcher to me could embosom the remains of so much human excellence and glory! But I must not cry aloud for yonder is a man who might hear me and come over and enquire what is wrong.

But my time is short; I will arise and look over the graves of others. I fail to find other near relatives, besides I can hardly read the inscriptions for the tears in my eyes; I will drive on to the lower grave yard while I regain my composure, and see what discoveries I can make thither.

"Two miles south and I will be at the place," I murmered as I climbed in the buggy and directly was speeding by the depot to the south.

Yonder across the field is the place of our old home, but some changes seem to have been made, and the distance appears so much less than it used to. The dwelling now looks old and dingy, but there are two red barns in the place of the former one. On yonder hill we used to coast down hill, but now there is an orchard of large apple trees at the place, which was set out and grown since I left.

Here is where the house stood around the turn of the road across the fields that was burned after my father favored the tramp the neighbors would not keep; but another house has been built in its place.

In the next house is where my brother-in-law, J. P. Isenhower, lived before moving to the village and entering the merchantile business; though, I see the house has been enlarged and overhauled.

Next in going south, I used to come to the grave yard; but a house has sprung up since, I notice. Though yonder on the hill the grave yard is coming in sight. Yes, and below the hill is the lake from which the cemetery derived its name, Lake View Cemetery.

But oh, this beautiful grove of pines and evergreens! What a change. If they were set out when I left, they were too small to be noticed; now they are tall spiring trees over a foot in diameter.

I remember the interment of no one particular here, so I will begin and overlook the tombs as I come to them.

Almond J. Hardenbrook, died February 22, 1885. I knew no one by this name.

Harriet S., wife of R. E. Doster, died, 1895, born 1824. What! is this the mother of John, one of my playmates in my boyhood?

Goff—daughter—Emma F., died 1881. This

must be one of my school mates whom I survive these twenty-four years. And here lies another, formerly a playmate and afterwards a chum in school, whom I survive. But what else could be expected of him. For I remember he had given away to the alluring cup in his youth, before the effects of which he must have succumbed like house plants wither and die when watered with the same liquids.

Ah! here lies the remains of a man of the same name upon whom public suspicion rested in our village as a safe-blower and robber before my departure. O my God! surely no such suspicion has rested upon me during these many years of my strange wandering. Oh, how can there, after my dutiful conduct to my parents, my generosity to my brother and sister, my kindness and uprightness to my friends and acquaintance! O God forbid! I had rather be dead and relegated into oblivion for ever than to let this be the impression. Alas! will I be under the guidance of Ostler and commit self-destruction and avoid any risk? Aye! this would not better conditions and would be cowardice, and the greatest of all crimes. Besides, I am conscientious; and, then, this man was demented and unbalanced, otherwise he would never have advanced such frenzies.

But what can the impression be that has become of me? Indeed, it must be mysterious! Oh, why

have I done so? Aye! even to me it is a mystery. My past history seems like a dream and appears that I have just awakened from a lethargy and now upon my return.

O, my God! have I like Xerxes, wrecked my youthful hopes by vain ambition? Yea! let it be as it may, I shall not like he give up my later years in dissipation and idle carousals.

But there seems none to come under my observation who are akin to me. I will walk further across and look.

Elizabeth, wife of J. P. Isenhower, died December, 14, 1893. Alas! this is a sister of mine who has been dead eleven years. Ah! it is so sad that her children and husband should have been left thus in mourning.

But night is approaching. I will go back to the county seat and in the morning take a drive east by the house and farm of my oldest brother, Elias, where he used to live, and then visit his family grave yard, where his son Johnny, my nephew, was buried when I was a boy.

It is now morning, and I am again on my way. The timber lands are nearly all cleared up, it looks like the prairies in cultivation in the west. Along here used to be fields on each side full of stumps but they have all disappeared.

But that wagon passing, loaded with jar like cans; what can they be for? Oh, I understand.

The milk is gathered up over the country in them and taken to the creamery; another thing brought about since I left.

The clay roads here, which used to be nearly impassable, have been heaped up and graveled since I left, and now afford good travel.

There are new and different houses to what there used to be along the road, and the distance between them appears to be but a step to what it used to. Oh, how strange everything looks! And the people I meet going to town are all strangers to me.

Ah! there is something coming with considerable speed over yonder hill. What can it be? It looks like a hand car only it is boxed up around, and the persons don't go up and down to make it go like they used to. Oh, I see; it is an automobile. Had people met this in the road when I left, they would have thought it was the tender of a train that run off the track and coming down the road.

Here used to stand the log cabin of the old gentleman, Isenhower, the father of my brother-in-law; but other buildings have taken their place; and the thick woods adjacent to his farm has all been cleared away.

Just a half mile ahead on the corner of the road is where the school house of my brother used to stand; and a few hundred yards around to the road is where he had his residence.

Yes, I see buildings in that direction now, which must be the place. Ah, here is a school house, but it

is not the little one as it used to be; it is a larger one and of brick. And yonder is the same two story house Elias lived in the last time I was here; but instead of a log barn, as there used to be, there is now a large frame one.

Lo! I see some people standing around about! It will not do for me to tarry, nor be too observant; I will go over to the place where his children were buried and see what additions the Lord saw fit to make during my absence.

John H., son of E. and C. Straw, died July 20, 1871; aged 12 years, 8 mo., 11d. Yes, this is the lot of my brother; this is the grave of Johnny, my nephew. Had he lived, he would now be forty-six years of age. I heard my mother say, I was three days the older; that would make me be born November 12th, 1858.

O God! how fleet the years do pass; it seems only a little while since we were little boys together. But I feel as young and gay as I did in my 'teens the day I left home. I am up in years, though I am strong in constitution and preservation, and the likelihood of my longevity the same as that of others in starting from youth. Yea! the longevity of persons of sobriety and determination and of temperate parents may be likened to the longevity of the pine and the oak—the pine withers away while the oak endureth many years thereafter.

But here are other graves to what there were when I was last here.

Elias Straw, died November 21, 1892.

Oh! can it be that my oldest brother, like my father has too died since my departure! Oh, how many the lapse of time does bear over the river of life! While this I might have expected, still I was not able to comprehend its reality nor realize its gravity.

But I must be on my way. I will now return my rig, and take my leave for my abode in the west.

But alas! I failed thus far to find the graves of my brothers, George and Benjamin, and that of my sister Amanda. They are either still alive or have drifted far away and were buried elsewhere. I will do so through an enquiry about them in connection with other affairs, and see if I can locate them.

With a sigh of relief, after solving the query, I murmered, "so they are still alive—George and sister still living at the village of my birth and Benjamin at Coldwater, Michigan."

Yes, I will now again return to the west, and then after reflection, send my history first to brother Benjamin; for I must be cautions not to make myself known to the living of my relatives too abruptly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"There is mail in the other room for you, Mr. Walker brought out."

It was Mrs. T. G. Walker that was talking and was addressed to me.

It had now been some time since I had taken my trip to the east, and I was making arrangements to have my history put in print as rapidly as I could.

As I was glancing the letters over, I noticed on one the return request read: "If not called for in ten days return to Box 15, Fremont, Indiana."

"Why, this is from my home town," I gasped, in a room by myself, "what can it mean?" I will recline upon the bed, for it is so curious that it makes me feel fainty. Now I will open and read it:

FREMONT, IND., Dec. 5, 1905.

A. P. A. Straiho, Endee, New Mexico.

DEAR SIR: We heard through Lawyer Melendy that you wrote him a letter enquiring about Frederick and George Straw. And I thought that perhaps you might be a brother of mine who has been gone so many years.

If you are my brother, I beg of you to come home; for all of us would be so very glad to see your face once more.

Sister Manda, brother Benjamin and myself are all that are left of our family.

Please answer by return mail.

Respectfully,

G. W. Straw.

It would be hard to imagine what queer and sudden feelings came over me. It was a kind of anxiety mingled with sorrow and gladness—sorrow for having caused so much trouble of mind among my relatives, gladness as I felt that my welcome upon my return would be infallible, and of course now anxious to return home as quickly as possible. Indeed, never before could I realize the gravity of my past actions until now as my mind was reflecting back along my life's pathway. So I immediately wrote the following letter, which explains itself.

Endee, New Mexico, Dec. 14, 1905.

G. W. Straw, Fremont, Indiana.

Dear Brother: I received your welcome letter yesterday. Yes, I am your brother; and I read your letter with a trembling hand. Thereupon, I will send you herewith a sketch of my past history.

It must indeed be a mystery to you why your brother should have wandered away, and remained abroad these many years. But undoubtedly you must have been observant, as I am now, that before leaving I was wild and endowed with a spirit of restlessness. Wild and restless, not to do evil nor calculated to injure persons in life or property, but to be venturesome and learn the ways of the world. For you know from yourself and the record of the family that it is not in our blood to be doers of evil nor breakers of law and order. But I have no apologies to offer except the history of my life which I present to you.

It does look hard, brother, that I should have treated you all as I did, after you were so good to me—you was always as kind to me as a brother could be, Amanda like a mother to me after mother died, Benjamin never cross to me, and father always managed to have me surrounded with all the blessings and luxuries for which a boy could wish.

You may know from the writing I send you that I had not only come to the conclusion to return home, but had made arrangements to this end. The way I came to write to Lawyer Melendy, I had returned from a scout to that country, such as suggested in the introductory of my history, and had used your and father's names in connection with names of strangers as a research into matters I had neglected. My intention was to have my history

first printed and send a copy to brother Benjamin, as I had already determined who were among the living and the dead, which was the saddest day's experience of my life. I had this manuscript typewritten, and had just sent it to the publishers, a letter from whom I enclose, which also may furnish some explanation.

All this happening in the way it has, I shall now be back home some time in January. I have managed to keep myself free from nuptial and other entanglements so that at any time I could fly wheresoever I wished.

Tell Amanda to rest easy, not worry, all will come right. As to Benjamin, if he is as he used to be, nothing will bother him.

There are things in connection with my life that may seem nearly incredible to you, but you may know I give it straight as I mention it in a way which leaves it open for investigation.

I wrote this history nearly all while I was herding my sheep on the would-be measa last summer.

As soon as I return home I expect to use my right name again, though, I prefer spelling it as I used to when attending school—Straugh. Understand, I had a right to go under assumed names from the fact that I had been more or less constantly enlisted in the detective service.

I will add that you may know I am a man of

good reputation, otherwise I could not have gotten the schools which I have taught. Next week I will send you my photograph I had taken some time ago, which I have not with me at this writing. I will not start home till I hear from you again.

Hoping you are well, I am respectfully, your brother, A. P. A. STRAIHO.

THE REPLY.

FREMONT, IND., Dec. 21, 1905.

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter received, also manuscript. You can imagine the tears that were shed for joy this afternoon when your letter was read. We will have to kill the fattest calf and prepare for your return as did the parents of the Prodigal Son. You dont' know how glad we all are to know that you are alive, and will soon be home. You can not come too soon.

Manda lives at the same old home that she did when you went away; and I built a house here in town in which we live. Well, I will not write more, for I hope to see you soon. Your affectionate brother, GEORGE.

January is now half gone, and I must be on my journey to my people; for I wrote that I would be there no later than the twentieth. I will go to Endee and take the stage for Tucumcari.

Now I am at St. Louis—now at LaFayette. Here I entered a telegraph office and sent a dispatch to my brother as follows, and as I had promised.

LaFayette, Ind., Jan. 19th, 1906.

G. W. Straw, Fremont, Ind.

Will be at Fremont on the 1:30 train tomorrow afternoon. Your brother, A. P. A. Straiho.

Now I am at Ft. Wayne—now at Angola.

But here is some one that passed me going through the train looking at every passenger, I will follow him.

"If he wouldn't be so fleshy," I thought, "I might take him to be my brother George."

"Isn't this G. W. Straw?" I finally demanded.

"Yes, and this is Philip. I wouldn't have known you any more. I went to Ft. Wayne purpose to meet you, but I begin to think you wasn't on the train," was the reply.

"Do you know this woman," he continued, referring me to a middle aged and rather tall lady by our side, wearing a pair of gold rimmed spectacles. "It is Eva Isenhower, your niece."

"What, can it be Eva, the little four-year-old, curly-headed girl when I left, now a grown up woman like this!" I ejaculated.

Oh, what a change!

"Sister Amanda and my wife Laura will be at

the station to meet us," George again said as the train again moved on from Angola. "You needn't look for my wife to be an old woman—she is young yet," he added.

"Oh, Manda and Laura's hearts, I know, are now going pitty-pat over Philip coming," Eva interrupted as we were coming in sight of the town.

Oh, what strange feelings came over me during our ride from the county seat to my home town—the strangest of all strange feelings. It is not like a person having been gone this length of time when everybody knows where he has been and what he has been doing. "How will my sister look and appear?" I thought. "I presume she is an old maid and careworn over the mysterious disappearance of her brother, of whom she thought so much. And how will the people act towards me after so long and strange an absence?"

All this time I was too interested to be seated. Yes, my mind was so absorbed that the people surrounding me were of no more significance than had I been surrounded by so many trees.

"This must be my sister," I sighed, walking away from the train, as an elderly lady, accompanied with one of her junior and a little girl approached me. "And this is George's wife and little girl Beulah," I added.

It is in place to say that everybody displayed towards me a great manifestation of welcome,

which was equally appreciated. A number of old acquaintances and a few school mates I met on the way but had they not been introduced we would not have recognized each other. "Ho! you Spaniard you," Lawyer Melendy said as I met him crossing the street, "I know you."

"Why, he used to have such a fair complexion, and light hair, I thought," I would hear them say, "now he has a dark complexion and black hair."

Arriving at my brother George's, I found him living in a handsome eight-room cottage, lit up by electric lights, the rooms heated by a furnace from below, and nicely furnished and of the latest conveniences. I feel like speaking of this since it is such a contrast to the torch light convenience of caves and the hovels and dugouts of frontier life to which I had been accustomed.

"Do you think my wife was worth stealing?" he finally ejaculated, after some familiarity with her and the premises.

"I must congratulate you upon your ability to capture such a beautiful girl as she must have been when you married, inasmuch that there are so many years difference in your ages and she having been a young accomplished school ma'am of exemplary character. You must be specially gifted to have had such influence at your command. Her reputation, not only, but her actions show that she is a good woman. With such a wife and little girl

and with your surroundings, I see no reason why you should not be a man of a happy family."

"But you say, brother Fred died and was buried in California."

"Yes, he died several years ago. During late years he appeared to have been very successful financially and died in Southern California in the real estate business."

He had one boy, Roy, born to him by his first wife, and two, Frank and Dallas, by his second wife. Roy having been born before I left, but the last two were born and grew up since.

I will now go and visit with sister Amanda. I found her married to a union soldier, William Bricker, having married shortly after father died. To my surprise, she did not look as old as I expected, having fleshed up after marriage.

"Everything looks nice enough," I said after a time, as I walked into the parlor, where I noticed that my selection of books of my youth and boyhood were neatly and conspicuously arranged on a bric-a-brac gotten for the purpose after I left.

"Yes," she said, some one after father died, thought that we might as well sell your books; but I said no, he placed them in my charge when he left and I will keep them, for if he should ever come back again, they will be here for him."

"Oh, I had forgotten all about them, I never expected to see them again."

And oh such reminiscence that came to my mind as I leaf them over.

Here is Phillipus A. Stramentum written in nearly every book. This is my name I had translated into Latin, and had never thought any more about it from that day to this.

But here is a picture hanging on the wall, can it be me before leaving they had since framed? I would never have recognized it any more. Oh, how wild it looks to me now. But here is a history of Steuben county among my books, published in 1885 and after I left, I notice gives a sketch of the family of my father. It speaks favorable of him as a man of ability and integrity; and mentions my name also. I will read what it says about me:

"His youngest son, Philip A., is a lecturer of wide repute, at present traveling in Africa. He has had a fine education and being a fluent speaker and of natural talent he charms his audiences, and his services are in constant demand."

Aha! this makes me think of the one who followed me out once after a lecture and said they all thought well of my lecture but were to cowardly to acknowledge it. Though a great trouble with my lectures then, I can see it now, was that in showing up the absurdities, I did not give sufficient in its place. So to say, I could only see through a glass darkly.

"What did father seem to think when he quit

hearing from me?" I asked.

"Oh, he thought it couldn't be. He thought so much of you. Whenever new preachers would come, he would take them to the parlor and show them your picture, saying it was the picture of his youngest son and that he heard from him last from Key West Island years ago, and thought he must have been drowned while on the ocean."

"It's awful hard, sister, for me to think about, and were it not for the old adage that a father should train up his son in the way he should go, and that I am conscientious in my actions, I don't know what I'd do. But I can't see any possible chance that it could have been avoided. Why, I used to be as restless as a fish out of water."

"But did you enjoy yourself while thus away?"

"Oh I hardly know what to say, my mind having been so absorbed with different things. Sometimes I would engage in games of cards just to draw my mind from them which tended to bother me."

"How could you do such a thing—play cards—while we were here at home crying half the night wondering what became of you?"

But some one is ringing the door-bell. As Manda is out, I will go and open.

A rather tall and slightly careworn man stood at the door. He was noticeably careful though not faltering in his speech, and appeared slow in pressing his business.

"Come in," I said after he stood for an instant. In so doing, I began to recognize features in his physique as that of my brother Benjamin.

"You're my brother, Benjamin, are you not?" I said.

"Can this be Philip?" he sighed. "I would not have recognized you."

That he should have come from Coldwater expressly to see me and where he knew I was at and then not recognize me is a rare occurrence.

But I will now visit with him at Coldwater. I found him pleasantly situated, living with his wife Ella and one child, a daughter, Lillian by name, in her seventeenth year.

The first thing noticeable was his small family, comparatively considering.

"What," I thought, 'have my brothers been observant of the prophecy of Malthus, who a century ago startled the world by depicting the horrors which would follow over-population; or is it merely a matter of propriety and a means to other ends."

In our conversation, strange things presented themselves.

You say, brother, several years ago a runner was sent up from the Arlington to enquire about your missing brother.

"Who could this have been," I thought. "Was it a man in whose hands that letter might have fallen when I deserted the boys and in passing through enquired about me?"

"We heard from you once, and that you wasn't dead," Ella finally interrupted.

"What, heard from me, how is that?"

"Yes, we heard from you through a gypsy fortune teller. I was curious to know what she would say. So I paid the fees and asked her to tell what she could about you. She put her head down and said. 'He is yet alive. He is a little lame. He loves to hunt and shoot; but he is well educated. Yes, I see him now. He is standing up and has a gun.'"

"There was great danger in going about with those fellows as you did," she continued, "and took much daring."

"Yes, indeed, but what was that to me. Had it not been for being from a good family and having a balanced mind, I presume I would have done as many others when those questions presented themselves for solution, committed self-destruction, and what is danger to a suicide. Why! there have been times in my history that I prayed to God I could die."

"Oh, there was so much difference in the characteristics of you and my brother Elgin," she again added, "he had his picture taken when selling washing machines—you went in disguise."

Ah, the many changes I notice in the city of Coldwater! When I left, there could be noticed little evergreens and small shade trees set out by the people up and down the different streets. Now they

are avenues with towering trees and appears like a city built up in a woods with the many trees left standing about to afford an abundance of shade during the sweltering time of summer.

But I have now visited all the living of our family. There is father, my brothers Elias and Fred, my sisters Annie and Elizabeth, and Annie's husband, Rev. B. F. Wade, all died since I left.

I will now visit with the husband of my sister Elizabeth, J. P. Isenhower, and my living nieces, Lamora, Sara and Eva, Ida having died during my absence.

"I can tell it is Philip as I view you from the side," Mr. Isenhower said as he walked around gazing at me attentively.

"Amanda showed you the valise sent us years ago from Mexico found in a cave, did she not, containing your diary and other things," he continued after an interval.

"Yes," I replied, "though I had forgotten all about it; but upon opening the valise and seeing a dog-collar, it all came back to my mind. It was a valise in which I carried cartridges about; and it having become worn at the bottom, I used it for other trinkets, and one day put in a dog-collar and that was the last I remember of it. We were camping out in the wilds and I had picked up a large dog for the camp for which I had bought a leather collar."

But oh my nieces. What a change in their appearance and surrounding; all except Eva having married since I left and now have grown up children—Lamora three boys and a girl, Sara one girl and a boy, and Ida two boys—all born and grown up during my absence.

Indeed, it seems like arising from the dead after a generation and returning again. Should by some mechanical device our universe at this moment be turned forward and present to them the husbands and wives of their children with their families of grown boys and girls the panorama would be no more novel to them than this is to me now.

"No telling what change in my life it would have caused, had I came to you when you wrote for me from Eureka Springs, Arkansas, while at Ashland, Wisconsin," Mr. Powers, the husband of Lamora said after a time—"no telling, I might not be your nephew by marriage and the father of these children. But I am glad you came back Phil. Your people worried about you a long time. And I must say they are a good people you came back to. There is your brother George and wife, and your sister Amanda—no better people the world ever needs. If the world was composed of such people we wouldn't need any laws, criminal laws especially."

Making my narrative short, I will next visit my nephews, the children of my oldest brother—Wil-

liam, Albert, Granville, George, Harvey, and Hermy; Hermy having been born and grown up to manhood since I left; and none of the boys were grown when I left except William, who had just married. Katy, their mother, I found married again, married to a Mr. Brown. I found them all married except Hermy, and of families of children.

"You don't look much like you did," William interrupted, "though leaving in your youth and away these many years, twenty-seven, was it not, what else could be expected. "I well remember when I last saw you," he continued. "I had just been married, and was living up stairs at my fathers-in-law when you had returned from a trip and made us a visit; when shortly afterwards you left again and was never more heard from, which makes it twenty-seven years according to my reckoning."

"Yes, I made a number of trips in that time before I left to stay, and I was of the same impression as you that my last visit home was in 1879, though some think I was back again in the summer of '80. For I know it was some time before that when I was down in Texas and was writing home as though at college at Ann Arbor, Michigan, having mailed my letters on trains to mislead in postmarks. And I don't think I staid at Ann Arbor over a week after I had been matriculated.

But here are several letters from my nieces of Kansas to my sister relating to me, I will read:

NEWTON, KANSAS, Feb. 2, 1906

DEAR AUNT AMANDA: The news of today's mail that Uncle Philip is alive and safe at home is so surprising to us all. I can not control my feelings and thoughts. Is it and can it be true? The lost one we mourned for as dead is safe. What a sigh of relief. When I first heard the news today the thought struck me, "Poor mother, she don't know it, we can't tell her the news." She worried over her lost brother so much. Where could he have been all these years? What an awful change he found on his return home. I can not think of anything else but of him this afternoon. Well how glad we all are. And tell him for us, we want him to come and see us all in Kansas. We wish to see him so much. * * * * *

Did you know Uncle when you first saw him? I would like to ask a hundred questions, how it all happened; but I will not tire you too much. With best wishes and love to all, I remain as ever your niece, CLARA J. DARLING.

NEWTON, KANSAS, Feb. 2, 1906.
129 W. S. 3rd St.

DEAR AUNT: Your letter is just received. Never were we so surprised in our lives as to hear the news of Uncle Philip coming home. Is it possible that it is Uncle Philip? It is too good to be true.

Aunt Laura has not sent paper with article about him, at least we never got it. * * * *

Some one write at once and tell us about him, and send paper. Your loving niece,

MANDA HARRISON.

NEWTON, KANSAS, Feb. 2, 1906.
221 Main Street.

Mrs. W. Bricker, Fremont, Ind.

DEAR AUNT: Manda got a letter that Uncle Philip came home. It seems it can not be true. But oh! how glad we are, no one knows, for all it was a shock to us. We are so anxious to hear all about him. * * * * * *

And oh! I do hope we can see him too. How we have wondered and wondered about him.

* * * * * * *

I remain your niece, MATTIE L. WINGER.

NEWTON, KANSAS, Feb. 3, 1906.
214 South West 3rd St.

DEAR AUNT AMANDA: We are all overjoyed to hear that Uncle Philip was back again. I guess none of us ever expected to hear from him again, for I am sure I never did. How we would all like to see him once again. I suppose he is getting quite gray, having been gone so long. * * *

Good bye, and love to all, I remain your niece,

MAGGIE BEHM.

These are my sister Annie's children, who have married and live in Kansas. There are four girls, Clara, Mattie, Manda and Maggie; and two boys, Jerome and Fred. Their father was a minister of the gospel and was constantly abroad on different circuits so that I failed to be with them in my youth like the rest of the family.

Great changes I also observe among others than my relatives.

"You say that is the daughter of Willy Garn?" quoth I as a married lady was pointed out to me one night at the opera. Why? I remember, just before leaving, I and that boy were out a squirrel hunting together and he was just a gosling of a thing and I don't think ever had looked at a girl, and now is a married man with a grown up and married daughter!

Equal changes have likewise taken place in the physical nature of things, and social, religious and political as well, of which I will speak in the concluding chapter,

CHAPTER XIX.

"This used to be a scope of miry marsh and swamps, virulent cesspools for breeding chills and fever when I left," I said, as we were driving along to the east of the village, "but it has all been tiled since and now is a black, loamy region dotted with farm houses and barns."

How different it looks now! All about, on the old homestead as well, were similar swamps and ponds, most of which have been tiled and drained, and now instead of generators of malaria, grow the richest of crops; and the much dreaded ague is a thing of the past.

This is not all. These places not only, but mere hollows and valleys, I see have noticeably been filling up by the sediment washing from off the hills. What a change therefore in the course of time in the future, the hills wearing away and filling up the depressions, a leveling of the country, a change taking place I had not thought of before. Nor had I thought in my youth that these swamps and ponds could be drained so effectually. Little did I think that they were a concatenation of swamps and hollows reaching to lakes and rivers, so that they could

be tiled from one to another and thus drained from the country. And I notice that this clearing up of the forest and reclamation of the swamps and marshes has its bearing on the climate; the weather is not so sultry any more, but changes brought about making it more like the plains of the west, and possibly in the future make the country more subject to droughts.

But there are not as many people here in the country according to the land tilled and work done as there were when I left! Oh, I see; it is the gradual trend of the population from the country to the cities and towns I have noticed before. The application of new machinery to agriculture causes a less demand for laborers in the country and a greater demand in towns and cities where such machinery is manufactured. And there is an inflow of wealthier and retired people from country to towns and cities on account of conveniences and social amusements.

These coming cities of the future makes me think of the treatise on government I had written—the government of the future cities must be adjusted to the new and different conditions brought on, otherwise it will threaten the existence of our free institutions, the corrupt element control the cities, and then the country, state and national affairs.

Ah! here comes a man on the street I will stop and see. It is Mr. Pannebaker. "What! is this the

man I met a year ago by the graveyard when I was looking for the dead among my people," I thought. I was out of mood then and probably said more to him than I should have said.

"The graveyard looks fearful ragged it seems to me," I said. "Here they have decoration days but the graveyards don't show it. Where I am from they don't have them, but the graveyards look better than this."

But I will next look up the churches and go among the different church people and see what changes have taken place. Here is the Congregational Church, but it stands vacant now. A church without a preacher. What does this mean? Is there now a lack of interest in religious matters in the town of my boyhood the same as I find in the cities? In the large cities I found over half the population that never pretend to go to church and others who manifestly have lost their sincerity; and statistics show that the tendency is constantly in this direction, and drifting towards pharisaism.

I will attend the services in the churches with pastors and investigate this still more; Rev. Renner being the pastor of the Evangelical Church and Rev. Reichelderfer of the Methodist.

"It is with pleasure that I meet with pastors of the church of my parents," I said, as I shook hands with Rev. Renner. "I do not wish to contrary you in your religious convictions if you think

you are doing good," I continued. "But while I want to do what is right, I can believe in such things only that will stand tests in the future, such that are philosophical and lasting."

Yes, after investigation, I found the same manifestation of disinterest in religious matters here as elsewhere. In my boyhood, churches were crowded with scholars and young people from all classes, but I found only a few of them at services now; and there is more going fishing and to places of resort on Sunday than there used to be. Then again so many of those that profess, show by their actions that they themselves believe not in what they advocate. The sermons of "fire and brimstone and Jesus Christ and his resurrection from the dead" cease to be a scare-crow among them. A new religion, rid of superstition and preached in a practical way and in harmony with the sciences, or essence of the true God, is what is wanted now. The current religion has not kept pace with the material civilization of the world. As man advances in civilization, he rises to purer and more comprehensive conception of God and religion; and, it does seem to me that the preachers should be ingenious enough to interpret the bible in a way that is in conformity to these never changing laws of the true God and Creator, and adjust their doctrine to the new civilization. This condition as it is today is a clear case of the blind leading the blind.

But I must stop. My brother says Rev. Reichelderfer is coming over to see me.

"I must not insult him now in his belief," I thought, "for it is not only ill manners, but a duty of man to man to give one another the right to their own convictions if they can not agree. And besides, I have found that those who think everybody is wrong except themselves and do not extend this right, bear watching."

Yes, there he comes now. He is bound to be a smart man or he could not direct his prayers to the point at all occasions as he does, and I am glad he is coming.

"Don't you think that that which is known as 'heartfelt religion,' as generally called, is nothing more than a kind of a reflex action or emotional feeling brought on by a guilty conscience giving way to an acknowledgment and endeavor to do better," I said after a time. "Although I never belonged to church, I remember instances of myself, after engaging in things my conscience smote me, and after getting the consent of my mind to retract and do different, a wonderful feeling of satisfaction would come over me and such a pleasing change that I would feel like shouting aloud."

But I must make my narratives short. My brother George is going to the lake prospecting to build another cottage, he says, having sold the one he had.

"A cottage at the lake! Why, what can he want with it?" I thought. He then explained that now cottages are built in the groves encircling all the large lakes where people make it their summer homes to fish and as places of resort.

"I am anxious to see them," I said, "so I will ride out with him."

"Yes, this is Lake George," I said to myself, after passing through Jamestown and entering the woods along the lake back of the old mill pond.

Ah! it looked not as it used to. Here, when a boy, I used to camp about with parties in tents and wagons drawing piscatorial and hunting expeditions. I remember, the woods then was full with different kind of squirrels, and the boys would save all the tails of the squirrels they killed during the encampment; and upon our homeward way have them tied to the poles, harness and wagon wheels, and fluttering in the air as we went. Now the woods have been cut away except in mere groves, and the signs of squirrels are no more. And the places the boys used to pitch their tents, there now are respectable cottages attended with barns and outhouses. They are empty now, but in wait to be occupied by their owners and people of leisure during the coming season of out-door recreation.

I will now cross the lake. There is a man they call Sam Lint. When he was a boy they were near neighbors; and, although he was older than I, we

used to go hunting and fishing together. I will step over and see him.

"Well, this is Philip," he said. "After the report came back years ago that you was killed, I never expected to see you again." "Many changes took place since you left," he continued. "I know the time when I could have bought this land along the shore for a dollar and a half an acre; now it is selling for seventy-five dollars a lot."

"Yes, yonder are springs where a party and I had camped to hunt and fish a while before leaving," I said, "when there was nothing here but woods and thickets, and now there are elegant cottages built along the beach and is a place of resort."

But I have not given my views on religion yet. I must do so or I would not be giving a full sketch of my history. Yes, I will do this, for seeing some inevitable changes for the good of humanity that are impending, I must put forth efforts to help adjust it. Besides, it is unquestionably the duty of all upright and liberty loving citizens to give expression to their honest convictions, for would it not have been for this in the past we would still be brewing in heathenism. With reference to myself and the bible, it reminds me of the ignorant boys that found a watch in the road and tore out the works and looked in to find what made the noise. So during the twenty-seven years of my wandering, I looked into the machinery of the Creator and saw the

works. The greatest objections I found with the bible is that it does not come up with his greatness, as it has been interpreted and preached by the clergy.

The first thing we notice in studying the works of the Creator is that everything is arranged on some great plan of order and harmony, order reigning universally and with mathematical precision. In our solar system, the sun, moon, earth and all the planets are the same in their operation today as they were yesterday and the same yesterday as they were twenty or forty centuries ago. It is the same in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms of the earth—the storms on land and sea, the peals of thunder and lightning and the physical changes, the growth of vegetation and their mode of reproduction, the existence of animals and the union of male and female in begetting their young —all this is the same today as yesterday and the same yesterday as it was ages ago, everything according to some great unchangeable plan of order and harmony. Under these conditions, how else can such stories as the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ and his resurrection from the dead, Jonah in the belly of the whale, and the ascension into heaven of Elijah in a chariot of fire, be regarded by reasonable people and the thinking generations of the future only as similar stories in ancient mythology? What sensible person could believe it,

were it to be preached by some sect to have occurred today or yesterday? How then believe that it occurred in the past when the same laws of the Creator were in operation then as now? No, to struggle against the overwhelming force of science and truth in shielding mythological narratives under the notion of doing good is all in vain. Some may think that the current church doctrine has stood too long to fail; but it is a mistake, as other idolatrous religions had stood much longer and their people bowed to their gods more reverently and depended on them in fighting their battles with more sincerity than have ever our people on the Trinity. It is just a matter of time till it must give way to the force of science. Let this be ten years or a thousand years.

The trouble in the Churches doing good in the future with success is that it is too much dead weight to carry. It will pull them down and they will perish the same as have other forms of idolatry that existed. The most I can make of the Christian religion of today is that it was taken from the Jews, and so to say, run into the ground. Instead doing the deeds of goodness and kindness as taught by the Jesus of Nazareth they have changed it into a "man worship," worshiping the man instead of paying so much attention to the principles he taught and for which he was cruelly murdered or crucified.

Why, I have noticed them at worship where they would devote their time in mourning and praying to him as much as did ever the heathen to their idols; when, in hearing distance there were poor people sick who not only needed some one to give them attention at the time but lacked sufficient bread to make them happy, thus neglecting to do the very things that he had taught. But what else could be expected of a religion not based upon established laws but on mere traditions. There are some wonderful truths and good teachings in the bible but they are so besmirched and emburdened with fiction and superstition that it seems hard to follow them.

There is Christ's teaching; it is all right and in harmony with nature, but it has been so befogged with mythological stories and superstition that if I take the bible as a whole I could not teach it conscientiously nor do so with any success.

I have many times thought of the scripture where it admonishes not to take from or add to. This seems to have been done, else has never been translated right and the compilers of superstitious minds, or became changed originally in way of tradition, for it positively conforms not with the workings of the true God of the heavens. But judging, even, from occurrences in our own day, what else but a change from the original can be expected when transmitted orally from one to another, say nothing about being

transmitted from father to son for ages. Let this be as it may, it seems that the Jews for all the many safeguards by which their devotion to the one and supreme being was protected in their religious system, from the first were continually seduced into following false gods and idolatrous forms of worship.

The clergy generally of today, I find, use the bible as a whole with all its fiction and superstition as a basis for uprightness and morality as they cannot conceive of anything else that would serve as a guide. With me it is just to the reverse. I see that man can not do wrong and commit crime without corroding the intellect and degenerating himself. This, then, made the bases, similar to other sciences, is the only reliable and true basis. Why, man can not do a single immoral or unrighteous act but what it mars his human excellence.

Nothing now could appear more ridiculous to me than to have mere tradition or mythological narratives for a guide. For, this belongs to the dark ages and ignorance when people could do no better, as it is merely a hope to some end without any certainty. Besides it is a dangerous basis, as it leads to false perceptions. It is too tangible. It is like a ship without a rudder. We must have a basis that is law and in which we are certain. In our business transactions we would not think for a minute to depend upon the like of this for cor-

rect results, never think of depending upon a hope to an end without any certainty; but we have established principles that are lasting and always the same and in which we are certain we can depend upon for results and in which we can all agree.

It is the same in astronomy, physics, chemistry, surveying and navigation—in all these, people would not think of depending upon hope for results, they have established principles for bases, not contrary to the Creator's laws, and in which they can agree and are certain in obtaining correct results.

Why then depend on traditions and mythological narratives for a basis upon which people can not agree, for purity, human excellence and happiness both in this world and the world to come? No, it is a farce. It is a practice that the corrupt priesthood had fabricated and cherished in the past to confuse and mislead the laity for tribute, and which has been continued in some form to this day.

It was in this respect that I wandered about for a time without a moral or religious standard. The Protestant or Catholic bibles as preached were no more a persuasion to me against crime and immorality than the one of Mohammed, and the one of Mohammed no more than that of a picture almanac. But gradually I began to see that there was a true God in Israel, and that his glory and magnificence was science itself. And I find that

there are others going astray the same way by the thousand.

Again, the danger in not having a logical basis in religious matters the same as in all other things is that the liberty loving people, the people who believe in worshiping according to the dictates of their own conscience, will be so divided aganst themselves that their opponents in consolidating might overwhelm them. There is the Roman Catholic church whose education of her people is for them to yield the right of private judgment in religion and accept dictation from the priesthood, which is a power growing and ready to take advantage of the Protestants in their division, hypocrisy and corruption. I say division, because there are several hundred different denominations more or less arrayed against one another, and as they have merely traditions for a basis they can not agree. I say hypocrisy because there is beginning to be a large element in the churches that believe not their doctrine themselves and are hypocritical as their actions show. And I say corruption, because the hypocrites and outsiders not having a standard of uprightness and religious duties in which they can agree, or any reason for such, are straying away into corruption and indifference, which in all ages has been a menace to civilization.

As long as the Catholic church yields the right of private judgment in religion and accepts dic-

tations from the priest, they need no other standard for agreement and unity of power; but the protestants having deviated from that form of orthodoxy and the people using their own judgment in these matters, they must have a standard that is reasonable and philosophical in the way I speak, so that they can not only agree and be in unity, but will be factors in augmenting strength.

Yes, a standard of religion in harmony with the laws of the true God of creation, setting apart in a scientific way that unrighteous acts and crime cause a degeneration of man, is a reality and is what we need. It is the propensities belonging to the brute animals that are cultivated in committing crime, and those forces peculiar to man and that distinguishes him from the brutes or the benevolent and intellectual forces remain not only dormant to that extent, but are distracted, and he sinks to a lower scale of human excellence. And not to exercise these faculties has the same effect as not exercising the muscles themselves; they will gradually perish. A science of this kind setting apart the consequences that follow the violation of the Creator's laws, that whatsoever one sows that shall he also reap, and taught to a child as it grows up, I see no reason why it should not abide by them the same as it should not keep from putting its hand in the fire after knowing the consequence of the violation of such a law.

I wish now I would have my scriptural writing I

had compiled, modeled on this style, which became misplaced and lost in my rounds. I would strike out the miracles, and instead of posing as a Moses, I would present it as a mere science, written by a humble citizen for the benefit of humanity. It may be inferred from the introduction that at one time and before I came altogether to my senses, I entertained ideas of this kind. And I might say that had I remained in this notion, I probably never would have returned home nor made myself known to my people, not even conducted myself in a way that would have given my brother any clew, and given him an occasion to write to me as he did. I would not have been known as the Carpenter's son but my identification positively would have been obliterated. It seems however, that while this was my notion, it was my intention to pose as such only for a time and then make myself known and use it to make an impression to prove the absurdity of these things.

Though with reference to a scriptural science, merely the Golden Rule "do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you," is a safe guide. This applied conscientiously will lead one happily through this life and land him safely in the home beyond. For, I see that this is a chemical world and that we are chemical beings. I see that mythology and superstitions have no more to do with the realities of the world to come than they have with the realities of this world. When we come to die, it

is the forces within us that will count and not the whims, ceremonies and hurrahs that we might go through with in this life. So to say, whenever the Creator puts us into a crucible for a test, that alone will tell the story of our past lives; and if the forces developed within us are in his likeness we are fitted to live in the home he has prepared for us, but if the forces are after the likeness of the brute animals what else can we expect but that we will be prepared to abide with those only of their kind. But let this be as it may, if we live right the soul will take care of itself.

It is in this respect that so many of the churches are mistaken with reference to Christ's teaching.

Christ said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Beyond the great plan of order reigning supremely, the Creator's laws, we have no need to bother. All with which we have to do are the laws of this world that affects our being. The mere belonging to church positively has in itself no saving power; one not belonging, if good, stands equal chances, as it is the enobling qualities and nothing else upon which it depends. I say this because I know of what I am talking. Of course, appropriate organizations are essential to the promotion of these virtues and enobling qualities or the good which the churches are apparently striving to accomplish, and one whether

he belongs or not should shield them in their endeavors.

With reference to our unmistakable duty towards the Creator, to our Father in Heaven, may be inferred by comparing the duty of mere children to the father in this world. What would a reasonable father think of his children, after setting apart their work to perform, if they would daily supplicate before him with ceremonies and outcries, and even neglect the work set apart for them? Would not the father look upon them with indifference and disapproval? Why then should we not expect the same thing of our Allwise Creator, our Father in Heaven, towards his children on earth? Yes, I think that all our Heavenly Father requires of us is the same as a reasonable father in this world should require of his children towards him and themselves.

And I think so much devotion to ceremonies and needless expenses of which most of the churches are guilty, are all uncalled for. I know, for instance, my conscience would be clearer to give my wine and bread offering money to some needy people. Though, I could not oppose them, or any institution that upholds and encourages morality and good manners, if they are conscientious in so doing, and give me the same right to my views as they claim for themselves. And if there are some people they can make better by going on in their way I oppose it not. I was always careful not to have anything to say or do

against the orthodox religion or the Bible as a whole, because I said a man to do so was foolish unless he had something better to offer in its place. So that in my estimation a standard of religion based upon scientific principles in the way I speak, is something not only better but the inevitable as man rises in civilization and to more comprehensive conception of these things.

Nor does this standard lessen the burden or widen the path to human excellence and happiness. In the old way it seems a man could do nearly anyway and then make acknowledgments and through "the blood of Christ," as they say, be cleansed. Under the standard of which I speak, man must do right at all times and teach his children the evils and consequences of its violation. It is Christianity of the Bible rid of its superstition, mythology and imposition.

And so diverted from moral rectitude and set in vice many persons have been in childhood through the negligence of the training by parents of their children or in way of inheritance that, although they may argue temperance and rectitude, they themselves may not be able to forbear. But with reference to such teaching when the truth is said, is like a science in mathematics—if the principles are applied the correct results are obtained, no matter what the character or reputation as a man the author had been.

Neither am I opposed to appropriate prayers or a

manifestation of reverence towards our Creator from whom all blessings flow. But as far as I am concerned, I am thankful at all times; and, the Creator being allwise, he knows it without making a fanatic out of myself and make myself and others miserable in this world. If any thing, this is a sin; for the Creator being allwise, his dignity is above the requirement of the like of this. And, though inspirations and blessings to some extent may emanate directly from Him through such prayers, it is not probable that we could cause his set laws to change materially in our behalf. At least, I think in most respects it would suit Him better for us to have a little judgment of our own and use the reason He has given us and go ahead and do right without bothering him too much.

And in saying grace at the table, I see nothing improper. I have even thought that it serves as a token of order in a refined family of people. And observance of a day of rest, Sunday, or the Sabbath, as you may call it, in reverence to the Creator for his greatness and wonderful works is all right. Even set apart by law the same as for the commemoration of other events, I see not out of place. Besides, it is essential to our well being, physically and mentally to have such a day of rest and for reflection.

And, to which I alluded, the great good that the churches apparently are striving to accomplish, I oppose not—it is the mythology and superstition

and the phariscism, fanaticism and other corruption I oppose.

Why! it is with reluctance that I say it, but I cannot withstand, I have been with long-haired and cussing cowboys that showed and practiced a greater degree of genuine christianity than members of some churches I have noticed. Instead of making fun of the poorly-dressed and treated with unconcern, I have noticed that they would give them aid and sympathize with them. Then I have not forgotten the experiments I made in my rounds by picking out ideal members of certain churches and approaching them as an unfortunate. It is in this respect that I denounce them as not believing their own doctrine as they show it by their actions. Neither have I forgotten the corruption at the head of some religious institutions of which I could not approve.

"Yonder is an institution they call a nunnery," I said one day to a partner, "they are needing factotums, I notice, suppose we get us a job, and through some scheme explore it."

"There are nuns, and there are priests," I thought. "Why! are they not of the same emotions and passions as other people that they should not marry?" I continued to think. "I will grope my way into the recesses and investigate this matter."

It was after a time through this chicanery that I theorized the maneuvers and saw the good and the evil as it was.

No, nor would it profit a man to oppose the good

in anything! For I have learned that good doing is power while wrong doing is demoralization and decay. If a neighbor makes a practice to build himself up at the expense of others he will fall, for it is all a matter of law. A thief, a robber, a falsefier in his course develops those propensities peculiar to brute animals and destroys those powers that elevated him as a man, and he is likely to go beyond his abilities of control when he goes from bad to worse. His business and social qualities decay; he is not himself, and he falls to that extent; he reaps what he sows.

And I see it is the same with a plutocracy in governmental affairs as with an individual. The controling class of rich men that buy off conventions and bribe legislators to enrich themselves at the expense of other classes, are merely laying snares to entrap themselves, and unless they change, miseries will fall upon them and their accomplices. Should they escape it in this world it will fall upon their posterity. The plutocracy will then have all to lose, the persecuted all to gain, corruption will reign supreme, and the end must come. This is the law of the God of the heavens, and we might as well oppose the existence of thunder and lightning or the overwhelming power of an earthquake as to try to oppose it.

And I think that if a man of this kind who has used his efforts and money in procuring such unjust legislation and through this and monopolistic means becomes wealthy and then does charitable acts to-

ward the poor it is a mockery, and avails nothing as it is through this corrupt legislation that the masses become poor. But a man who becomes wealthy through square dealing and good management, I think is to be honored; and if he then does charitable acts, he is a benefactor.

Let us then all profit by our past experiences and the history of other nations and avoid the misfortunes and miseries that will befall us unless we do right.

But I must stop. Some of my neighbors are talking strange things of me; it is well to give an address and explain more before my books are issued. Yes, I will do this; and then let the address suffice as a conclusion to the sketch of my history.

I will have the subject of my address, "That Which Haunted Me."

One thing of which I have not yet spoken is the idea of an adversary or devil. It seems that the original Hebrew scriptures was void of these notions. In Leviticus the word "devil" the translators took from the Hebrew word SEIRIM, meaning hairy ones. History shows that the idea of demonism, now in the bible, was materially developed during and after the Babylonish captivity by Medo-Persian influences. All we can make of this from a philosophical standpoint is that in our cosmos there are two principles striving for the mastery—an active and a passive, which we could consistently style God and Devil—on the one side a building up and on the other an attempt at tearing down.

ADDRESS TO HIS NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS. SUBJECT: THAT WHICH HAUNTED ME.

Neighbors and Friends: Many years ago, and while yet in my youth, I stood before an audience in this, my native town before.

That time my lecture was on temperance. This time my address is of a different character. That time it was more to draw the minds of my friends from matters in which I was engaged while abroad. This time more as an explanation upon matters with which my mind was then absorbed, or as will very well express it, "that which haunted me."

In the first place, whatever I will say, I wish it understood that I oppose not any thing in which there is any good. The great law of love as had been preached by the Jesus of Nazareth is indispensable to civilization and happiness. To help the afflicted and the needy, to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you—no teaching is grander that this.

But while this is true, it is presented in a way by the clergy that does not harmonize with the progress of the world, and becomes less and less effectual in its purpose; and as a whole more and more repugnant. This is why I, as a citizen, take the stand I do. And I think that as we are all born equal, a good man or a gentleman will not only give me a right to my views, but would rather

that I express them. And I also wish it to be understood that while I may tear down certain doctrines, I have something to give in its place.

As far back as I can remember and as soon as I became old enough to have ideas of my own, I found that I could not see, particularly in religious matters, as others see, which created within me a spirit of restlessness. With this I was continually haunted. By this I mean it clung to me and I could not get rid of it. When I began to divulge these ideas to others I found that I was rebuked. I was told by the preachers that I was dead in sin; that that is what was the matter with me, and that I was on the road to hell. This made me vicious and desperate. It drove me away from home out into the world. The reason, I think that I did not continue at that time in promulgating my ideas, was not only that I lacked experience to make myself feel equal to the emergency, but lacked sufficient grit to express them. Even I tried for a time to avoid giving anything in my book that opposed orthodox religion and after my return home to resume ranching again in the west as a pursuance, and let the world and religion take care of itself. But the first thing I knew upon recruiting up and gaining my composure, the old spirit again revived; besides, I wasn't at home but a few days till I was informed that my house and everything in the west was burned down and all I had left was

a dreary waste of land, which also had a tendency to discourage me in that direction.

Now, my ambition is to do what I can in a reasonable way, from time to time, to express my convictions.

I will first review my investigations in this line before leaving home.

In reading ancient literature at that time I found that every nation originally had its peculiar creed or form of religious worship of some kind.

The ancient Egyptians, I found, had their diversity of gods, and personifications of the elements, passions, senses, and feelings were introduced. Their gods were divided into several orders. The first contained eight gods; the second twelve; and the third an unknown number. The eight gods of the first order were Amen, Mentu, Atum, Shu, Seb, Osiris, Set, Horus, and Sebak, according to the Theban version. The other orders in like manner had their gods. Some of these gods they had self-existent, others the sons of gods and some born of a mother only. I had found that the Babylonians had, at the head of their system of religion, Baal, who represented, in a general way, the power of nature; and along with him stood the goddess Baaltis, as feminine complement, with whose worship all manner of licentious rites were associated.

I read of the gods of the Celtic nations; three

of the chief ones having been Teutates, Hesus, and Taranis, all of which were worshiped with human sacrifices. I had found that the religion of the American Indians was a universal belief in a Supreme Being, with his attributes associated with various manifestations of natural phenomena, and that they believed in the immortality of the soul and a future existence.

I found that the Scandinavians had their Eddas; the Persians their Zendavesta; the ancient Chinamen their Five Kings; the Hindoos their Vedas; and then the Buddhists their Try Pitikes, the Mohammedans their Koran, and the savages of Africa a form of worship called feticism.

I had found that the ancient Romans had their gods, which appeared in sets and fell rationally into rank and file, each with a distinct mission of its own. There was Jupiter, Juno and Minerva of the first rank; and there were the supreme deities of the Infernal Regions, Orcus, Dis and his wife, the queen of the empire of the Shadows, Libitina. Then, there was Neptune who presided over the element of the water; Vulcan presided over that of fire. In like manner there were other gods, who were vested, as it were, with authorities over special departments, even the stars having had their representatives. Amid this system of gods, the people humbled in submissive worship. They had their votive offerings, their prayers, vows, sac-

rifices, libations, purifications, banquets, lays and songs. Their sacred places consisted of mere hallowed spots on hills and in groves or special buildings dedicated to a special deity.

I had found that ancient Greece had its plastic worship of nature, with its visible objects and its invisible powers; of abstract notions, sensations, propensities, and actions; of tutelary Numina, or household or family gods; and of exalted men or heroes, some of whom deified after death, and others sprung from the embrace of gods and the beautiful daughters of men—a system, while composed of widely discordant elements, yet a unity, and harmonious and consistent in its minutest parts. Of their gods, twelve were national, who together with a vast male and female retinue dwelt on the heights of Mt. Olympus around its highest peak.

Then, of course, I read about the Pentateuch of the Hebrews, and traced them from Mesopotamia into Palestine, thence to Egypt, and, after a period of bondage, back again to Palestine, which country they reconquered. I read of their division to that of the Israelites and that extraordinary people—the Jews. Then after the Babylonian captivity and return of the Jews to rebuild Jerusalem, I read of them becoming animated with an intense feeling of nationality, and guided by Ezra, began to exhibit wonderful reverence for the Pentateuch and the

Prophets, and to make expositions and additions thereto.

After all this, I then noticed that there was a similarity existing between most of the creeds of the different nations, and one nation patterning and borrowing from another to improve that of their own.

In the history of Egypt, the foreign deities, Bar, Baal, Ashtaroth, Ken, Reseph and others, became engrafted into their religious system. Among the Assyrians, Babylonians, Phoenicians, Carthagenians, and other nations, there was constantly more or less importation from one another and ingrafting into their own system what, in their estimation, was an improvement over that of the old.

Ancient Greece took her religious paraphernalia from other nations and shaped it to suit her own civilization in those times. It was the same with Rome.

I noticed that the angelology and demonology, wholly foreign to the older Hebrew religion, was derived in all its essential characteristics from the system of Zoroaster, with which the Jews had become familiar by their long and close intercourse with the Persian empire during the exile and subsequently. Then I noticed that these scriptures which come down to us as that of the Jews betrays the presence of religious conceptions borrowed from other nations than that of the Persians, such

as from Greek wisdom, Roman law, Arabic philosophy, and even from modern science. Again, there is no mistake but what Mohammed in his scriptural writing drew from the Catholic bible of his time.

I next found that from all these religious systems and scriptural writings of the past, the outcome was seven bibles of modern times, which are as follows:

The Koran of the Mohammedans, The Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta of the Persians, and our own Bible, which came down to us from the Jews.

These bibles date back in the order I have named them; the Zendavesta of Zoroaster and the Pentateuch of Moses having had their origin nearly the same time—Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch about the fifteenth century B. C., and Zoroaster his Zendavesta about the twelfth century B. C.

All these bibles have an analogous aim—to account for the origin of all things and to explain the nature and human relations of that something divine, which it is an instinct of the human mind to conceive as actuating and controlling all that moves.

I then noticed that as the different nations rose in civilization and to more comprehensive concep-

tions, from time to time, they in like manner gave way to higher and more reasonable forms of worship. And I believe I can say conscientiously, considering everything, that the bible we now have is the most superior of them all and the best, inasmuch that it is most observant in teaching the great law of love instead of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But, while I say this, I do not say that it is in a state of perfection by any means. How could I think this when I know the source from whence it came and of the corrupt hands through which it passed.

As far as the nationality of people from whom it originated is concerned, I can't see that that is of so very much import. But from what I can gather, to which I alluded, I believe that only a comparatively scanty portion of the original Hebrew literature, on account of having undergone alterations during the lapse of ages, has come down to us to the present day. For instance, just a slight reading of the sacred Parsee books (the name given to the religious writing reformed by Zoroaster), will show in a variety of points the direct influence they have had upon the Semitic or Hebrew creeds. Of course, the Jewish priests of medieval times, may have contended that the copying was from them and not from the Parsee scriptures. But it is left for us to pass on this ourselves. As for me, I am obliged to take into consideration the charac-

teristics of the Jewish people as I find them. Where is there a people that is more artistic and ready in their dealings to trick others out of their possessions than the Jews? Is it then not as probable that they might have copied from the Parsee books as the other fellows from them, and even more so?

But let it be as it may, I look upon this scriptural writing, which I called the best, and which came down to us against its mighty opposition, and whose progress can be traced back nearly four thousand years, merely as a survival of the fittest.

But I said, how could I think this scriptural writing to be in a state of perfection, although the best, when I knew the source from whence it came and of the corrupt hands through which it passed.

In the first place, in whatever state of perfection the old testament had been before the last Babylonian captivity, where untold myriads of Jews were massacred and their buildings and literature put to flames, and thousands of people that were not massacred were captured and distributed among the Roman provinces and butchered in amphitheaters, and others sold to slavery in Egypt; afterwards,when the remnant returned to Palestine to again nationalize themselves, they had to rewrite their bible or made a recension of other existing copies if there were any left. Now whether this

rewritten scripture is any thing like the original or how much had been added is a matter incapable of demonstration or refutation. And what I want to impress on your mind is the chances that prevailed against the Scriptures remaining in a state of perfection and not having been corrupted.

Later on, there was a time when the people had not the means and facilities of printing as we have had in modern times, when there were only a few scrolls in existence, which were in the hands of the corrupt priesthood of the time, when again it was left to their mercy to add to or change if it chanced to be their fancy.

Neverthless, there might have been recourse for comparison by the critic to a scanty portion that had been engraved on stone or metal, and possibly to certain hieroglyphics; though it would be well not to press the latter too much, otherwise it might lead to the Egyptian hieroglyphics and be a reflection on Moses (Philo, vita Moysis).

Then, the time elapsing between the old and new testament was a period of mystified traditions and writings. Much of this series of writings was altogether absurd and impious. Out of these writings the New Testament was compiled. There were fourteen of these collections or books, collectively known as the Apocrypha, that were never admitted into the New Testament by the Protestants.

What I wish to impress is the manner in which

the New Testament was gotten up—simply a selection from a great amount of this kind of writing which was done mostly during the first three centuries of the Christian era.

During this period much discussion took place and different opinions prevailed about the nature of Christ—who he was.

There was Theodotus and Artemon who openly taught at the close of the second century that Christ was merely a Jewish teacher of distinction. While there was Arias, Sabellius and others who carried out the same tendency in the opposite direction, making out Christ more or less as that of a God. Within the church the outcome of these controversies were three great parties—the Athanasions Eusebions and the Arions. The Athanasions and the Arions held the extremes on the question while the Eusebions held the middle. To settle this controversy, in the year 325, Constantine, the Roman emperor, summoned a council consisting of representatives of these three parties. At length the council came to an agreement in which they declared that Christ was of like and the same substance with God, and upholding his miraculous birth, resurrection from the dead, etc. At a later council at Constantinople, the additional tenet of the divinity of the spirit was added, which made it about the same as they have it now, the Father,

the Son and the Holy Ghost in one, known as the Trinity.

It is to be understood, here, that Constantine not only presided over the council of these three parties whereby these matters were settled, but was still a pagan or heathen; and that his motive at the time for taking this position was for political and other reasons, his empire having become turbulent and unstable. It was a year before this that he murdered his own accomplished son Crispus, along with others on a charge of treason.

Now, what I wish to impress is the corrupt men through whose care this literature of the old and new testaments had passed and the corrupt influence which was made to bear on it in shaping and molding it to what it has been made. Referring to the council of Nice where Constantine presided, what was more natural than for him, who had believed in the ancient pagan gods with all their mythical sons, to throw his influence to the hot-headed and superstitious extremists of these parties and retain in their declaration the heathen idea of "sons of gods" and other superstitious practices. At the time, in Rome and Greece, that their gods had sons and that they came down unto beautiful and spotless daughters of men, was a prevailing idea. This idea can be traced back through all the heathen nations where they had sons of gods by the scores—back to the gods of Egypt.

Under these conditions, I say, what should be more natural than for the council of Nice, with the heathen emperor Constantine presiding over them, to ingraft into their creed the "son of god" idea and other superstitious and prevailing dogmas of the times.

Then again, it seems that in the makeup of their Trinity at the council of Nice they patterned after another well known heathen idea of the time—that of the Trimurti or Trinity of the Vedas, of which spoken. What was more natural than that they should do this—put such as the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in one Godhead, like Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva existed in one Triad in the Vedas.

Yea! all I can make of the religion of the worshipers in our country today is that they took the idea of one supreme being from the Jews and combined it with the son of god idea of the heathens and together with the tenet of the divinity of the spirit, named it the Trinity; and to this conglomerated mess they bow and worship, and to it they have dedicated the thousands of temples (churches) all over the land.

It is with reluctance that I differ so widely from that of my religious friends, but I notice that there are so many people that begin to see the fallacy and absurdity of this Trinity and this form of worship, and, not having any reliable standard for uprightness and integrity or any reason for such, they

are in a state to do anything for their selfish benefits—men among us steal, rob, and swindle; men of great minds steal railroads when they can, buy off conventions, bribe legislators and manipulate the channels of commerce and form trusts and monopolies whereby to enrich themselves with colossal fortunes at the expense and detriment of their fellow men. Knowing this, I see that we must have a new standard—a standard with the true and living God at its head, a standard not in conflict with His works, and that is capable of being philosophized, and one that will show to such men the consequence of their actions and the miseries and calamities that are awaiting them or their kindred of future generations.

With reference to philosophizing a standard, I don't know but what the standard of the ancient heathens was more philosophical than that of the Trinity of the people of today. Now let us see. As I understand, in the dark ages, the more intelligent among the people conceived the idea of a great supreme being or gods ruling the universe, and in order to enable the more ignorant people, as most of them were, to understand what they meant, they made images called idols, to better impress it on their minds, and in this way instituted a system of worship. Now, I pray, what was there wrong in this; had they not drifted into corrupt and superstitious practices? Was it not philosophi-

cal enough? But what is there philosophical about a god coming down, and, contrary to all law and nature, cause an innocent woman among us to conceive, and the combination with the other tenets that form this Trinity?

Even the doctrine of Mohammedanism is more reasonable and philosophical than this, inasmuch as it is based on the two articles of belief that God is God and that Mohammed is God's prophet.

When I attended school yet, I used to read in my school books about the seven wonders of the world—the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the mausoleum of Halicarnassus, the lighthouse of Pharos, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter, and the temple of Diana—but the eighth and greatest wonder of them all with me was how an intelligent set of clergy at this age of civilization and inventions could have the audacity to preach such absurdities and how an intelligent and well educated people could believe it.

Now, my friends, all these were my investigations and thoughts while in my youth and yet among you before leaving home.

Nevertheless, through my experience out in the world, I found that there were wonderful truths in our scriptures, especially that which came down to us as the teachings of Christ. But as a whole, it reminded me of all the sciences and literature of different nations and of different ages garbled

together with an attempt at harmony. For instance, suppose that of all our literature—the many histories, treatises on mathematics, astronomy, mental and moral science, and so on—different passages and verses were selected and put into one book, what success at harmony could we expect? I must frankly say that it is this way with the bible. Why, the very results of the people using it as a standard shows it to be that way. What else would cause so many divisions and so many hundred different churches, all more or less arrayed against one another?

Even Chrysostom, who in the 4th century named the Bible, instead of attempting, by forced and artificial hypothesis, to reconcile what he thought irreconcilable in scriptural statements, admitted the existence of contradictions, and shaped his theory of inspiration accordingly. Indeed, from differences of style and manner in its several parts, we may suppose it to be the work of different hands, extending over a considerable period of time, thereby causing these contradictions and imperfections.

But I have a different way to determine to what extent our Bible is in a state of perfection and what is true and what is untrue. During the many years of my wandering about, I crawled about the Creator's machinery and looked in and saw it as it is. I have experienced that His laws and works are of great order and harmony and always exe-

cuted with mathematical precision, both celestial and terrestial, and that human actions are in like manner a matter of law. I will explain in a short way what I mean.

All the solar systems, with our own, with all their orbs, rotate upon their axes and perform their revolutions with the same regularity and exactness, and never vary from their natural order of operation. One orb does not exchange its function for the function of another orb, nor that of one constellation for that of another. The sun does not make its appearance in the east one morning and the moon in its place upon another; but every thing is performed according to definite and fixed laws of order and harmony.

Again, in chemistry, the law governing the combination of two or more substances to form another, which was discovered ages ago, is the same today as it was then. For instance, the ancient inventors of glass, hundreds of years before Christ, are said to have been merchants, who, laden with natron or soda, placed their cooking pots on lumps on the sand, which sand and soda fused by the heat of the fire and formed glass. Today, this law governing the formation of glass is the same as when it was first discovered. In the vegetable kingdom, as far back as botanical knowledge extends, the law of fecundation—the pollen of flowers fecundating the stigma—is always the same and never varies

from its fixed and established law of order. It is the same with the similar law of reproduction in the animal kingdom, traceable back to prehistoric man—always according to its fixed and established law of order.

Now, my object in speaking of these established laws of order and harmony of our Creator is to set apart one and the same rule to apply to all scriptural writing alike, whereby to determine the truths from that which are myths.

It is common for the adherents to mythical narratives in the different scriptural writings to try to justify their position by saying any thing is possible with God. But in this there is no logic nor consistency and enables the rankest of the superstitious to uphold themselves in their beliefs; and it is an absurdity simply too gross for this age of civilization. It belongs to an age with persons of little, narrow-contracted brains who cannot comprehend outside their immediate sphere, with which they became in contact by birth or chance. Would we admit of such a basis for a creed, then we would have no right to dispute the authenticity of all the past mythical events and all the legendary tales of all heathendom, some of which are still believed to be true. But to place all alike to a test before the works and laws of what we know is the true and living God, is consistent, fair and just.

We will first take up the Seven Sleepers, which,

having been prevalent in the East, was accepted by Mohammed, the writer of the bible called the Koran, who now has a greater following than even Christ. He calls them Ashab-al-Kahf, the men of the cave.

These seven sleepers are said to have been seven Christian youths of Ephesus, who, to escape the rage of Decius, fell asleep in a cave and slept 196 years before they woke up, when they were aroused by an inhabitant of Ephesus looking for shelter for his cattle. Now, I ask, do you believe this story? Can you believe that seven youths of Ephesus slept 196 years and then woke up and walked about and were the same as before they fell asleep? I do not. Followers of Mohammed may say everything is possible with God and for that reason they believe it, but that does not make me believe it. I do not believe it because it is out of the natural order of things of the Creator's works. Why, to bring about conditions to make this possible, the Creator would be obliged to put out of gear his great plan of order and harmony, of which I have spoken. Literally, he would be obliged to create, not only a new world, but a new universe to make it possible. And no one could make me believe that the Creator would put out of gear His great plan of order and harmony, nor create a new world or universe, and then change it back to its original plan of order and harmony merely for the purpose of enabling seven

youths to sleep 196 years to escape the rage of Decius way back yonder in the little village of Ephesus.

Now, it is to be understood that I am giving my own convictions on these things, that is all; and as far as your belief about it is concerned, that is a matter of your own. I am not going to paw up the earth if you don't believe as I do and call you hard names, for it is not my nature to do so, nor do I belong to that kind of a tribe.

Next, I will speak of the well known Greek myth of Prometheus, which was received as a fact of early traditions by the Greeks. Here Prometheus was to have formed men of clay, to whom he gave the breath of life by means of fire taken from heaven. I don't believe this, although the followers of Prometheus might have said, "anything is possible by the help of God." I don't believe it according to the same rule, because to bring about conditions to make it possible, the Creator would have been obliged to put out of gear His great plan of order and harmony, or literally create a new universe. And no one could make me believe that the Creator would put out of gear His great plan of order and harmony or create a new universe and then change it back to its original plan of order and harmony merely to satisfy Prometheus and the ignorant Titans from among whom he came. For similar reasons I don't believe the story of beau-

tiful daughters of men having conceived through the gods from heaven and starting new races of people, which used to be believed by the people of the same nations. But I have said enough in explaining to make myself plain in this line. I will now take up similar stories from our Bible and see what about them.

What about Elijah going to Heaven in a chariot of fire; Jonah living for a time in the belly of the whale; and Jesus of Nazareth having been the son or offspring of the Virgin Mary and the God of Heaven, and afterwards resurrected from the dead and in a short time ascending to Heaven, body and all.

Why should I believe this? Because it so happened to be prevalent notions among the nationality of people where I was born, and engrafted into their system of worship? Nay, was I merely governed by this, then had I chanced to have been born among the Mohammedans, I would have been a Mohammedan; had I chanced to have been born among the Buddhists, I would have been a Buddhist; or had I chanced to have been born among any other nationality of people, I would have been and believed as they. No, I don't believe it, because when I put it to the same rule as before, it won't stand the test.

To bring about conditions to make these things possible, the Creator would have been obliged to

put out of gear His great plan of order and harmony or literally create a new universe. And I don't believe that the Creator would put out of gear His great plan of order and harmony or created a new universe and then changed it back again to its original order and harmony merely to have enabled Jonah to live in the whale's belly, to have enabled Elijah to go to heaven in a chariot of fire, and to have enabled the Virgin Mary and the God of Heaven to have offspring, and the child, when grown, to die, become resurrected from the dead and after a while ascend to heaven, body and all.

No, all there is about it, we have been living as yet, in superstitious ages, and these things have been the outcome. The great law of love, recensed and preached by the Jesus of Nazareth was and is all right, and indispensable to civilization; but it has been besmirched by the ignorance and superstitions of the people. Even history itself, to which I alluded, shows it is that way; you can read between the lines of the original sayings of Jesus that it was that way; and even the Jews themselves, his own nationality of people say it was.

The great trouble with so many, with reference to a system of religion, is that they become perplexed in looking to a higher power, some wanting to be guided by a mere feeling in their hearts, others by some awe-stricken fear of the Almighty,

and others by a supernatural something they don't know what. I lay this to the prejudices of the people to the ideas of the age of ignorance. The savage mother of Africa throws her beloved infant into the river to the crocodile, because she is governed by an impulse of feeling, and, as a penitence, to appease the wrath of her god. The Taouist priests of the east chant prayers from their mystic ritual, amid the din of drums, gongs and flutes, to appease the evil spirit that they suppose afflicts the people. To this, and nothing else, is what mere impulses of the feeling has led. And in our own time and nation it leads to mere divisions of the people and fanaticism.

As I said, what we must have at this age of civilization is a religious system with a philosophical basis. This is what the great law of love and justice as a basis would be. And this is the form of religion I believe in—to obey the great law of love of the Creator and justice, or in other words, Christianity rid of its superstitions, call it morality, spirituality or what you may. But it need not necessarily be made a mere system of morality any more than a religious system of worship with superstitious basis; for if the conscience of people dictates to them to reverence the Creator and true and living God of Heaven and earth with prayers and supplications for his great plan of order and harmony and almighty power, it is their privilege

and pleasure to do so. Though it is not this that would save them, or have any saving ordinance; but instead obeying the great law of love and justice. An observance of the two well known scriptural aphorisms: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you;" and "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," will quite answer entirely. The latter is only too true, both in this world and to fit man for the world to come.

It is not my purpose in this address to set apart a complete system of religion in all its details but only so far as to explain material parts wherein I differ from the current system, and which pertains to influences in bringing about my past actions. From what I have already said may be known I want a system that is conformable to God's works and laws as they exist, and which can be systematized into a science the same as all other sciences, since science is nothing but a knowledge of the phenomena of the Creator's works and laws. Then there will be unity and harmony among the people with respect to religion to that extent, the same as in all the other sciences. In short, we want a moral (or spiritual, if you prefer the term) philosophy, setting apart such truths as "Whatsoever one soweth that shall he also reap" in a scientific form, enumerating all the details, and which should be taught in all the schools the same as other sciences. For

instance, I very well know that a pursuance of perpetrating crime corrodes the intellect and is degenerating to man. I see that it is the propensities belonging to the brute animals that are cultivated in man in committing crime and that it disqualifies him for legitimate business and the enjoyment of society to that extent. A thief, a robber, or swindler in his career develops those propensities peculiar to brute animals and destroys those powers that elevate him as a man to that extent. If he develops bad qualities, he reaps the consequences; he reaps what he sows. Such practices and their consequences put into a scientific form is what I mean we should have, and taught in our land the same as other sciences. So, also, comprise as a science, of which spoken, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," in all its details; such as the propriety and benefits in doing charity, being sociable, etc.

I am fully aware of the fact that to change the system of worship and customs of today will be slow and attended with much resistance, because it is so riveted in the minds of the people, and it has become such a widespread and extensive profession of the preachers and they are so deeply prejudiced to these religious practices. But I can plainly see that it is just a matter of time when it must give way to the overwhelming power of science and reason, and then will be looked on by future

generations as the people now look upon other superstitious systems that once existed.

Then, some of those who see the fallacy of the Trinity and other superstitious customs based on the bible, will be prejudiced towards them as they wish not, as they think, to take from the sacred writings. But it is an error of judgment; for this has been the case from the outset. Why, at first there was enough Hebrew literature together with the Jewish thought and learning buried in the Talmudic writings, to make a half dozen such bibles, which was all knocked out except what now remains in our bible. Then again, just the other day, I took up and opened what is known as the American Revised Edition of the bible and the first verse I read I noticed the word "adultery" was left out, which is in the Authorized Version; and in a following verse the words "parties and factions" I noticed were added. I found such changes made all through the book. This being the case, why be prejudiced towards spurious portions which we know now exist in the book.

Nevertheless, it is not my wish to break up the churches, even if I could, nor to start new ones; but what I would like to see is the preachers to expound the wonderful mechanism of the true and living God and the consequences that follow the violation of His laws, and change the class rooms to council rooms for appointing committees to hunt

up the afflicted and needy, and devise means to administer to their wants. Now, having given my religious views which I said had haunted me in my youth, I will speak again of its bearing upon me in causing me to leave home and remaining away as I did.

I will here present you some lecture tickets which I had printed and used in my lectures before leaving home, whose superscription shows the drift of my mind at the time. The superscription is this: "Chemical Temperance Lecture! Voluntas Obligata Moraliter Pro Voluntas Libera." By chemical temperance lecture, I meant to imply a discourse advocating that the laws of our Creator were a oneness and all our actions were of a chemical nature, and that all we do was a matter of law and order; and, by the latin phrase I meant, at the time, what the phrase implies. And I will say that we must not be too sure about these things, for at one time the people thought that it was the sun that moved across over us in the day, when afterwards it was found to be an apparent motion. But after more experience, I found that let it be as it may, we were under obligation to do right if we prosper, and that if we did not reap the consequence so much ourselves in this life, it would tell in some form on our posterity.

Some of these tickets I had left at my father's house before leaving home, and a boxfull of which

I again found with my sister Amanda upon my return home, which she had kept as souvenirs of her missing brother.

Just what bearing these things had on my past actions, I leave to my history and your judgment on it. But I can say that before leaving, I was as much disgusted with the Trinity and system of worship throughout the land as you would be, for example, with the twelve national gods of Greece with their sons hovering about the highest point of Mount Olympus, were you now set back in the midst of that nationality of people at the time.

Of course, having been thrown into a circle of church-going and church-observing people in my youth made it worse than had it been different.

It is true that upon my return home, I had the same embarrassments again to confront; and this is one reason that I have given my views on these things, and as a self defense. For the idea of going about as a fool and enduring these embarrassments, and looked upon as a heretic, when I knew that it was the other fellow that was the heretic, was more than I could stand. So I set forth my views, if for no other reason than that I can present them to my antagonists and give them to understand that I not only have a speck of sense myself, but that I have as much right to my views as they or any one else have to theirs.

It is with reluctance, as I said, that I differ so

widely in my views from that of my religious friends; but I am sure it will not cause them the displeasure, restlessness and pain as the importunement of their faith and methods of salvation had caused me. And it may cause some to treat me with enmity, but if this is the degree they mark in the makeup of the scale of humanity, I can make out without their friendship in the future as I have in the past. I am not posing as a saint, or as a Christian for that matter, though there is enough Christianity about me not to hold enmity against any one, and not only this but to be sociable with every one that will bear it, and to render them help and assistance if I can when needed. And any one that does not do this is no Christian, for Christianity is a manifestation of love towards neighbors and never that of enmity and persecution.

Though, I think this is even a matter of humanity, say nothing about Christianity. Some may be too sensitive many times when apparently they are slighted or damaged by neighbors; but this should not be, as it may not be intentional. And even if it is intentional, I look upon those as a lacking of the forces that distinguishes man from mere brute animals, or as we do upon those afflicted with lunacy or some other mind-defect—my sympathy for them does not vanish.

Nevertheless, protestants should not show enmity

towards me as I favor religious freedom the same as they did in the days of Catholicism and as they should now, and as I am merely a protestant of protestants. And with reference to the so-styled orthodox religions, I believe in their toleration as long as it does not interfere with our body politic and free institutions; but any form of fanaticism or Catholicism that endangers free speech and liberty, I consider nothing more than a form of deviltry and should be suppressed.

In conclusion, I will thank you for your manifestation of welcome you have shown me upon my return home; and I wish you and all humanity, good-will, peace, prosperity and happiness.

THE END.

This paragraph will appear at bottom of page 71 in following editions:

An incident, indicative of hardships in those times, and novel in character, I will also relate, which occurred at a time when I cared not to come in contact with the public any more than I could help.

As I went along, at the approach of darkness, I came to a strip of woodland with some underbrush and a few scattering brushpiles flattened at the top as with age.

"I can sleep here unobserved and contentedly," I said, as I crawled upon one, using my coat for a pillow.

It was warm weather, and I preferred to sleep here, elevated from the ground, on account of the heavy dews and dampness of the ground. As I awoke in the morning, and rubbing my eyes, what else should I see but a snake with its head sticking up through the brush, lapping its tongue out at me only a few feet away.

"What," I said, as I tore away, "am I doomed to take lodging in dens with reptiles!"

Such is one of many incidents that proves congenial only to a man who loves a life of adventure, and to whom the solution of difficult problems brings a sense of satisfaction, not to be weighed in dollars and cents, which repays him for weeks of hardship, privation and effort under tremendous disadvantages.

Through mistake the following paragraph, after the first paragraph on page 259, was omitted, which will be corrected in the following edition:

I had spoken about contradictions in the Bible. So, I will here speak of one of the greatest import, inasmuch that the Jesus of Nazareth is involved. It has been said that his coming was prophesied in the Old Testament. Probably it was, but it is to be noticed that these passages of scripture allude to the seed of Abraham. Then in the

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first chapter of St. Matthew, in the New Testament, the genealogy is traced from Abraham down to Joseph. But here is the contradiction. It says that Christ was born of the Virgin Mary of the Holy Ghost, and was the Son of God. Well, if he was the Son of God, and not the son of Joseph, the prophesies in the Old Testament have not been fulfilled in this respect. So this corroborates again my statement that the "Son of God" idea was a heathen idea, and was grafted into the Christian religion in the time of Constantine.

This paragraph will appear at b ottom of page 49 in following editions:

An anecdote, unique in character happening in. my youth, I will also here relate.

Upon a trip to Eureka Springs, Arkansas, after entering the caves in the Ozark Mts. and seeing the eyeless fish in the subterranean streams, the manager of the caves took me aside to a curiosity department, and amid many things hitherto strange to me, he exhibited a large diamond rattlesnake, which he took in his arms and fondled with it as with a toy. He explained to me that after it was captured alive and wild in the mountains, he had a dentist pull out its fangs and remove the poison glands, and that afterwards it was entirely harmless. Being convinced of this, I thought it a novelty to take it with me to perform pranks at my convenience, which I did after buying it. One time I carried it out and placed it in the grass unobserved, and then called the neighbors to see the reptile. Coming with clubs and rocks to kill it, I ran in and took up the snake in my arms and entwined it about my neck, when they looked upon me with the greatest consternation and called me the snake-charmer.

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